# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1901.

## The Week.

This is a business Administration, and the Cubans compliment it by talking strictly business. It is evident that their discussions at Washington have centred about sugar and tobacco, rather than about questions of political status and sentiment. But one thing is clear—some kind of Cuban Government must be set up in order to bring about a settlement even on a commercial basis, if in that way a settlement is to be had. Otherwise the President would be in the position of making a reciprocity agreement with himself. As arbitrary ruler of Cuba, he is the author of the Cuban tariff. But it would be a little too much even for his solemnity, to go into a dark room and draw up a reciprocity treaty between William McKinley, supreme authority in Cuba, and William McKinley, President of the United States. At least a simulacrum of Cuban government must come into the operation somewhere; and unless the conferences at Washington lead to the erection of a body with, at any rate, ostensible control of Cuban tariffs, they will not reach the crux of the problem.

---

We can scarcely be expected to credit the account of the attitude of the Administration towards Cuba, as now semi-officially given out at Washington. The story is that the President has suddenly blossomed into a determined anti-annexationist. All that he has done, including his approval of the Platt amendment, has been with an eye single to the frustration of the purposes of those wicked men who would annex Cuba to the United States. In his confidential interviews with the Cuban delegates, they were solemnly warned of the nefarious plan of the Democratic party to take over the island. That has been a Democratic policy ever since Jefferson's day. Democrats have no such sensitive regard for the national honor as the Republicans, and would not be deterred by the "solemn pledge" of the Teller resolution. With what awful sanctity the Republicans have clothed it, and how religiously they have observed it, the Cubans know. Let them, then, accept the President's terms, and they will find in him a stout defender of their territory against all covetous persons. He will even appoint a commission to talk tariff with the Cubans, and they must be, indeed, hard to suit if they will not be satisfied with a tariff commission, fully aware as they are that Congress always reduces duties (except when it increases them) on the report of a commission. Anyhow, let them trust Mr. McKinley as the one great bulwark they have against annexation.

---

The comic aspects of all this we pass by. The Cubans are not without humor, but we suspect that they will look pretty seriously at the alternative which is offered them in the place of annexation. That is really government under the new "American colonial policy." What that means they cannot well fail to understand. It is government of Cuba by Americans and for the benefit of Americans. It is virtually the taxation, or the control of the taxation, of 1,500,000 people without giving them any representation. We are to take entire charge of their foreign relations. We are to prohibit them from maintaining army or navy. We are to keep the island under our guns, and, if revolutions occur, it will be our troops that will restore order. But we shall not annex Cuba—oh, no; that would be horrible; we shall simply exploit the island and keep it in subjection. If Cuba were annexed, its inhabitants would have to be given a voice in their own government, and in ours; they would enjoy Constitutional immunities and privileges; and there would be a rule, not of superior beings, but of the Cuban people just as they are. This is the funny thing, that the President thinks to frighten the Cubans into bending to his will by telling them that, if they do not, there will be danger of their having the rights of an American State given them! But he and they and all of us must be blind indeed if the fact that his own policy inevitably tends to annexation is not perceived. "We do not contemplate annexation," says Senator Platt. So a man leaping over a precipice might not "contemplate" falling on the rocks beneath; but after he jumps, gravitation does the rest.

---

Senator Morgan is to be commended for taking the Cuban bull by the horns. He bluntly declares in Washington that the infallible ending of the Administration's policy in Cuba will be the annexation of the island, and its speedy admission into the American Union as a new State; and he therefore comes out frankly for an immediate and avowed annexationist movement. In this, of course, he is, as a Southerner, true to the historic attitude of the South. It always cast greedy eyes on Cuba, and made no hypocritical concealment of its purposes in desiring the annexation of the island. But it was always annexation that was contemplated. Our new-fangled notions of a protectorate, of exploiting island possessions without giving them a share in our government, did not enter the heads of the slaveholders. It was left for the party of freedom to devise those little tricks for holding men in political and economic slavery. Doubtless the pro-slavery Cuban annexationists would have rejoiced to see McKinley's day, if their prophetic souls could have anticipated that his plan would be much more calculatingly selfish than theirs was; but they did not—they were outspoken annexationists, and Senator Morgan is their son and heir.

---

The long list of appointees to lieutenancies in the army, published on Thursday morning, is fortunately qualified by the statement that the men named are to be examined as to their mental, moral, and physical qualifications before being commissioned. The fact that these 588 places have been assigned to the various States, brings out again very clearly the McKinley way of awarding offices, to which Mr. Lucius B. Swift objected so strongly and pertinently the other day. It was not a question of getting the flower of the volunteer service as the backbone of the new regular army, from Mr. McKinley's point of view, but of pacifying the spoilsmen by distributing the commissions according to the size of the States. This is also termed, *in lingua politica*, giving the different sections of the country "a fair representation." One would think that in injecting 588 new officers into the line of the army at one time, the only consideration would be the fitness of the individual. Nobody cares, fortunately enough, whether the proportion of Georgians to New Yorkers in the navy is exactly according to their representation in Congress or not. As it is, we should perhaps be thankful that at least men of some military experience, however amateur, have been selected, and not civilians pure and simple. After such an extremely just way of dividing the spoils, it must have pained the good Mr. McKinley to the quick to be informed by Senators Quay and Penrose that the thirty-three commissions allotted to them were too few. He must have appreciated their perilous situation, however, when they told him that "they could hardly withstand the pressure brought upon them" by the friends of some thirty other officers who were not selected.

---

One of the London financial newspapers, commenting some weeks ago on American railway "deals," drew the conclusion that the minority shareholder had become not only a negligible quantity, but a factor which now was habitually left out of consideration. Let his holdings of the shares even repre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sent a moderate fortune, he is likely still to be treated by the real controlling interests with complete indifference. They may buy up connecting railways at an excessive price and sell to the company which they control, lease other properties with a guarantee of heavy dividends, or burden the future finances of their own company in a score of different ways, and practically without the minority owner having the slightest voice in the matter. The facts were correctly stated; indeed, they gain considerable force from very recent events in the railway world. That the holder of three or four hundred shares of Erie or Union Pacific should not be consulted before his company arranges to buy up a Pennsylvania coal company or a Southern Pacific Railway, is, to be sure, no more true now than it was a generation ago. To take a poll of the stockholders on all such questions would savor too much of the town meeting for the race of modern competition. Even in England, where the practice of interpellating chairmen, at annual railway meetings, is as resolutely adhered to as the similar practice in Parliament, the only consolation for a disgruntled stockholder is to ask his officer what business he had to do what has been done. To forbid the act, the minority holder has as little power in England as in America. But the striking development of the last few months is the manner in which even directors and executive officers have been ignored in pending "deals."

---

It has been noticed by every one who has watched the progress of recent railway deals, that all the largest transactions have been preceded, so far as responsible managers of the properties were concerned, either by denials or by professions of ignorance. There is reason for saying that, in at least the greater number of such cases, the ignorance was real. Until the "deal" had been irrevocably closed, the officers of the companies were simply not consulted. On more or less rare occasions they have been studiously ignored, because their position would have been hostile. It is an open secret that the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy directors were, in Wall Street's phrase, "caught napping." Had they been consulted at the start on the advantages of selling their company to one or two larger railways, there is a strong probability that the plan would have been defeated. What has been done, in a good part of the notable deals of 1901, has been that powerful capitalists, sometimes unrepresented, even indirectly, on the boards of management, but backed by enormous banking capital, have bought up control of the stock at the best price obtainable and then have issued their ultimatum. It will hardly be denied that there are serious dangers in such a system. So far as the modus operandi is concerned, these recent transactions merely repeat the exploits of Mr. Jay Gould in 1880. None of them, thus far, has repeated the second stage of that arch-speculator's methods. They have, nevertheless, succeeded in recapitalizing American railway industry on a scale which may make trouble later, besides incidentally infecting a good part of the public with the virus of speculation.

---

The Citizens' Union Convention opened its campaign for the municipal election on Thursday evening with a blunder. The primary object of the meeting was to adopt a platform upon which the opponents of Tammany rule could make their fight. What was needed was a brief, clear, and forcible declaration of opposition to Tammany government because of its irredeemable badness, and an equally direct pledge to substitute an administration committed simply to honesty, decency, and efficiency. Half a dozen sentences would have sufficed. An excellent start was actually made in the platform that was adopted, which begins by declaring that "the government of the city of New York is a disgrace, and the men controlling it are using public office for private plunder," and then proceeds to particularize the ways in which this is done, as by bargains with corrupt contractors, blackmail from liquor traffic, gambling and prostitution, etc. An excellent beginning was also made in formulating the policy which should be substituted for misrule and corruption, when it was declared that "mismanagement, favoritism, and dishonesty must go." The blunder was made when it was added that "we must have positive benefits for the people," and the attempt was made to particularize them. Many of these specifications are right enough, but some of them are thoroughly bad. Such is the declaration in favor of whatever action may be necessary, even to the amendment of the Constitution if that be requisite, to secure to all workmen upon municipal works, whether on the payroll of the city or of contractors, the payment of the prevailing rate of wages for an eight-hour day. Such is the declaration in favor of the acquisition for just compensation of gas and electric-light supplies, to be operated by the city if adequate merit-system safeguards are provided. Such would have been the committal of the organization to the plank advised by the Committee on Resolutions, but rejected by the convention, calling for "specific encouragement to the building of improved tenements."

---

All this sort of thing represents nothing but the old "bread and circuses" programme of Roman days. It is based upon the theory that the way to beat Tammany is to outbid that organization for the "labor vote," and for other combinations of voters, which it is affirmed can be "swung" by leaders this way or that. It is worse than folly to attempt such a policy as this. Tammany will beat the reformers every time when it comes to making promises of "positive benefits for the people." It will pledge itself to do everything that the "labor vote" can ask about the eight-hour law, everything that the municipal-ownership people demand about public utilities, everything that any well-organized body of voters may ask of it. And Tammany will make its pledges ungrudgingly and enthusiastically. It will not reject the notion of municipal encouragement to the building of improved tenements by a vote of 180 to 137, as the Citizens' Union Convention did. It will not keep an eight-hour-day and prevailing-rate-of-wages plank in its platform by the narrow margin of 139 yeas to 132 nays, as the Citizens' Union Convention did.

---

The London *Times* having called attention to the great increase of American trade with China during the past five years, a correspondent recently supplied it with some information compiled by the British Consul at Niu-Chwang for the year 1899, and bearing upon the same point. From this it appears that at least two-thirds of the foreign imports into Mantchuria during that year were of American origin. The value of the American kerosene which passed through Niu-Chwang on its way into the interior was more than $251,000, the Russian kerosene imports being valued at only $21,000. American drills, sheetings, and jeans all showed a large increase in 1899, as compared with 1898, and together represented an investment of some $8,000,000—a surprisingly large figure. Moreover, of the $2,500,000 railway plant imported in 1899, the largest part came from the United States. The *Times* correspondent is correct in thinking that this trade deserves more attention in the United States than it has hitherto received. We believe, indeed, that the general American business public is quite unaware of its magnitude. As it is, it constitutes a very strong reason why the United States should leave no stone unturned to preserve the open door in Mantchuria.

---

The British budget has evoked a vast amount of moralizing over England's decline in financial and, incidentally, in military prestige. If the little Boer war, as the pessimist alleges, has nearly broken the back of the British Exchequer, what is to happen when England enters on another war? To what fiscal expedients, one of the critics asks, must the United Kingdom resort when she enters upon a contest with such a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Power as Russia? This does not strike us as a very difficult conundrum. Irrespective of taxes, which still have the possibility of further increase if needed, the borrowing powers of the United Kingdom have scarcely as yet been tested. The British public debt increased $3,000,000,000 during the war with France at the opening of the nineteenth century, and neither the national credit nor the national resources were exhausted in 1815. The reason for putting fresh taxes to-day on the British citizen, instead of adding a few hundred millions more to the public debt, was plainly stated by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, when he declared to Parliament that he would never be responsible for such reckless policy as paying the whole of a war's expenses out of loans, without putting a fair amount on the tax-payers of to-day. But there is also another side to the question of war resources over which this shaking of heads takes place. What would Great Britain do in the case of a two or three-billion dollar war with Russia? may be an interesting question. But the question, What would Russia do? strikes us as more interesting still. If the bill which the Exchequer is now footing succeeds in frightening a few of the Continental Powers, the Boer war will have served one useful purpose.

---

English census-returns first to hand show that the movement of population toward cities is as marked in England as in the United States and Germany. The cities gain, either absolutely or relatively, at the expense of the country. The phenomenon is so world-wide as to require an explanation rooted deep in human nature. No hasty guess at superficial and partial causes will meet the case. At bottom, we suppose, it is the gregarious instinct, and the idea that a larger and fuller life, even under manifest disadvantages, may be had in cities, with which we have to reckon. At the same time, there are certain obvious centrifugal tendencies at work. There is the "return to nature," for at least a part of the year, which is now the common note of the city-weary man. Out of this alone vast changes may develop. Electricity is believed by many to have a great part to play in dissipating, so to speak, a city's too condensed energy and life. With the cheaper transmission of electrical power—over a hundred miles, with waste of only 5 per cent., as in Oakland, Cal., to-day—the motive of great industries in fleeing from the cities is obvious. But with all this, it will clearly be long before the building up of the city at the cost of the country will cease.

---

Mr. Gladstone once spoke of the humiliating position of the European Powers, "prostrate before Turkey." Even more humiliating seems their present position, their numbers reinforced by the addition of the United States and Japan, yet prostrate before China. They have been so for nearly eight months. Their shame lies not in the strength and obduracy of China, but in their own jealousies and disagreements. On the indemnity question alone the delays and differences have been exasperating and dangerous in the highest degree. Nearly a month ago Lord Lansdowne told the House of Lords that the question of indemnities was "extremely difficult." Of course, every day's adjournment of a decision makes the difficulty greater, since the bills grow while waiting to be presented and paid; yet the cool deliberation of the diplomats at Pekin goes on its dawdling way as if the lives and happiness of millions of human beings did not depend upon a speedy agreement. Minister Conger was amazed and pained that the settlement, which he thought imminent when he left Pekin, was not yet in sight when he reached San Francisco. Even if an amicable solution be finally reached, as all must hope in spite of well-founded fears to the contrary, the inexcusable loitering which has marked the negotiations will remain an indelible reproach to the superior and Christian civilizations which went to China to set the barbarians right.

---

The Kaiser was, on the whole, happy in his rôle of fond father and loyal alumnus on Wednesday week. The visit to his own university quickened the sentiment that never fails the "old grad.," and his speech to the students at the great *Commers* given in honor of himself and of the Crown Prince avoided all contentious matters. Of course it would be unfair to compare his toast, perfervid in its sentimentality and religiosity, with our own after-dinner speaking, so remarkable for its good taste and classic self-restraint. It must be remembered that at a student *Commers* the critical faculty runs out as the beer runs in; and that what, in cold type, looks like maudlin sentiment, may have been eloquence, given the occasion and the audience. Thus the Kaiser's grandiloquent survey of the course of German Imperialism, as illustrated by the history of the Rhine, was singularly apposite at the Rhine University of Bonn, while his solemn invocation of the Divine blessing upon the students—a little startling to the reader—was sufficiently in keeping with the sentiment of the occasion. Striking phrases the toast lacked, and except that he must not "squander his strength in cosmopolitan dreams," the average "Bursche" probably retained the next morning only a vague comfortable feeling that the Kaiser had preached.

---

When the Duke of York opens the sessions of the Federal Australian Parliament at Melbourne next week, he will set in motion a legislative machine of a complicated nature and with a complicated work to perform. The elections held on the 29th and 30th of March were ordered by a Federal Cabinet, headed by Mr. Barton, of a strongly protectionist proclivity. In the canvass the lines were drawn mainly on the question of high or low tariff for the new Commonwealth. But the results were somewhat confused. In the Senate (chosen by direct popular vote) the returns show the election of only fifteen protectionists out of the thirty-six Senators, while in the House the figures are put at forty-six protectionists to twenty-nine Representatives in favor of a low tariff. But a good American protectionist in Australia would have to pinch himself to see if he were awake. What the innocent Australians call high protection would seem to him a horrible approximation to free trade. The most that is proposed is an average customs duty of 26 per cent. *ad valorem*. Nor is there a real likelihood that the rates will be made even as high as that. Premier Barton has, in his electoral speeches, dealt only in the vaguest generalities, but one of his colleagues, Sir William Lyne, has admitted that the duties in the new tariff are not likely to range beyond 10 to 15 per cent., with a free list including raw materials of manufacture, tools of trade, and most of the necessaries of life. If this be protection, American free-traders would be only too happy to live under it, and enjoy the sweet smell of the rose, however named.

---

It is obvious that Australian Federation really means a great extension of freedom of trade. Throughout the Commonwealth trade will be absolutely free, where before tariff barriers fenced out the products of one colony seeking to enter another. And the new external tariff will be moulded mainly by the necessities of raising revenue. Indeed, the platform of the low tariff party was simply this, "The lowest duties that will raise the most revenue." Under the requirements of the Australian Constitution the Government must secure from customs and excise a revenue of $40,000,000. Of this sum it is expected that $25,000,000 will be obtained from excise duties. It ought to be easy, therefore, with the whole foreign trade of Australia as a subject of customs taxes, to bring into the Treasury $15,000,000 from the tariff without making the rates burdensome. There is, indeed, a tacit understanding that industries which have been built up in Victoria and elsewhere under a high tariff, are to be treated for a time with "humane consideration"—that is, their protectionist toddy is not at once to be cut off. It is not likely, however, that any Australian "infant industries" will be allowed the venerable age of ours.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

### *McKINLEY AND CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.*

Before the attention lately called afresh to the President's dealings with the reform of the civil service has been distracted, it may be well to state the real objections to his attitude and his method in all this business. Reformers complain not alone of specific acts of Mr. McKinley's, hostile to the cause they have at heart, and hostile as well to his own pledges. It is not a question of a thousand more or a thousand less employees removed by him from the recognized tests and safeguards. The issue is not alone the appointment of a man as Commissioner of a reformed service, who had first to be violently converted, by the gift of the office, from a belief in the spoils system. The grievance of reformers strikes deeper than any of these things. It has to do with the spirit in which the Civil-Service Law has been approached and administered by the President; with the subtle and secret honeycombing of the reform, as well as with its open and flagrant repudiation; and with the entire failure of Mr. McKinley to grasp the betterment and protection of the civil service as a principle, instead of as a mere expedient.

Mr. Lucius B. Swift has, in this connection, put his finger on one tell-tale fact, which is that, under President McKinley, "no one has been punished" for evasions or violations of the civil-service laws. This is not for lack of having gross cases, calling for executive discipline, brought to his notice. His own Commissioners, as well as volunteer reformers, have pointed out to him cynical infringements of the law. What has he done? Why, he has effusively thanked his informants, told them that they were doing their full duty in the noblest manner, and then himself has done nothing at all. As Mr. Swift says, with full cognizance of many of these instances of civil-service trickery, the President simply "looks on with complacency." Meanwhile, the service is notoriously eaten out as by white ants. Its outward semblance may be fair; but intrigue, favoritism, boss-dictation gnaw within it. The general understanding among Republican politicians is that, if they can only "get around the law" with a decent regard for secrecy, they need fear nothing from the President. He greets reformers with almost tearful sympathy; but the spoilsmen are more and more having their way, and they know that his sympathy will not fail them either.

The truth is, that Mr. McKinley has never shown the slightest conception of civil-service reform as a vital principle. He has regarded it only as one of many "interests," to be duly weighed and placated. He "recognizes" the reformers; oh, certainly! He doubtless thinks them a little queer, strangely insistent, often very bothersome; but they are a respectable body; they, too, can bring "pressure" to bear upon him, and who is he that he should withstand it? So he occasionally tries his hand at "doing something" for the reformers. That is his favorite style of putting it. It is not that he has seen a way to improve the public service; not that entrance to it has been made to depend less upon favoritism and more upon merit, and that fixity of tenure has been made to go hand in hand with greater efficiency—nothing of that. He simply feels that he has thrown a sop to the Cerberus of reform. He has yielded something to its friends. Once he reproached a delegation of New York reformers for saying unpleasant things about him, "after all I have done for you." That is his point of view; by their continual coming they had wearied him into granting a part of their requests, and now they were personally ungrateful. That there could be such a thing as an impersonal reform, a principle, a cause, was never dreamed of in his philosophy. If Reform as an abstract good were to be urged upon him, he would be tempted to reply as Pitt did when asked to do something for Literature, that it "could take care of itself." We trust that, in such a case, some reformer would have the courage to say to him, as Southey said to the British Premier, "Yes, it will take care of itself, and of you, too, if you don't look to it."

Here, at bottom, is the great vice of President McKinley's treatment of civil-service reform. He has never for one moment entered into the enthusiasm of those who have found in it a cause to battle for as a patriotic duty. All has been with him a question of balancing conflicting interests and antagonistic personalities. If he loots with one hand but guards with the other, he does not see how any one can possibly complain. As Quay and Platt and Beveridge and Fairbanks go out at one door with their list of boss appointments in their pockets, Mr. Foulke comes in at the other to hold sweet counsel about reform; and that makes honors easy, as Mr. McKinley looks at it. This, of course, is all of a piece with his conception of the Presidency as a kind of clearing-house for diverse and contradictory policies. The only question is about the comparative urgency and weight of reformers and spoilsmen. If the reformers can develop a sufficient number of pounds of pressure, they promptly get its equivalent in Executive consideration; and what unreasonable beings they are to ask more! To go heart and soul for reform because it is reform; to attack a corrupt system night and day because it is corrupt—that, plainly, is a conception which never swam into Mr. McKinley's ken.

His attitude and its effects will compel civil-service reformers to look well to their future policy. He is a new kind of enemy for them to encounter. They have faced open foes and beaten them. They have conquered the hearty coöperation of public men who began by opposing. But they have never before had to deal with just this type of professed friendship which secretly betrays. The only way for them to meet it seems to us to be to go back to the first principles of the reform—to fight the spoilsmen, in all their disguises, tooth and nail; to pillory offenders; and, above all, to present the cause unceasingly as one fitted to enlist the devotion of every patriot who would not see the country imperilled by having the public service turned into a boozing-ken of inefficient and cheating politicians. In this way alone can be kindled that ardor of eager spirits which brought the reform out of its despised beginnings to its largest triumphs, and which will yet win a victory over dull indifference and misconception in the White House, as it has before over sneers and open enmity.

### *THE TEXAS OIL CRAZE.*

We have been favored during the past fortnight with a considerable downpour of circulars, pamphlets, and prospectuses setting forth the advantages of investing capital in oil companies in Texas. The phrase "oil company," as here used, does not mean a company actually producing oil, but one which has the intention to produce oil if it can find any on the land which it has acquired or expects to acquire. Out of nineteen companies whose shares are advertised in the Dallas *Morning News* of April 23, not one claims to have an oil well. Most of them say that they control lands in fee simple, or by lease, near the "Lucas gusher," or in some other attractive field. Some of them, however, omit to mention any particular field. Thus, the "United Oil Company of Texas and Louisiana" proclaims to confiding investors that it owns "eighty acres of the best proved oil lands in the world," but it does not say where they are situated, nor does it mention the amount of its capital stock. Only a small amount of stock is offered for sale at 75 cents per share, the par value being $1.00.

Another company advertises that it owns "the biggest well in the world," but does not say where it is situated, or what kind of well it is. There are oil wells in the world that are not worth pumping, and even Texas is not wholly destitute of this kind. Investors in the company are assured that "every dollar [of the capital] appears on the books, and any stockholder can see where the money goes." It is declared, also, that the full-paid shares are non-assessable. This assurance is common to all the companies whose

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shares are advertised. Most people who are inclined to "take a flyer" are encouraged to know that they can lose only as much as they put in. To accommodate this class of simpletons, shares as low as 10 cents each are offered. The Rockefeller Oil Company of Beaumont, Texas, and the Stephenville Standard Oil Company of the same place advertise shares of that low denomination. It is not pretended that anybody of the name of Rockefeller has any connection with the former of these companies, or that the Standard Oil Company has anything to do with the latter. What's in a name?

The same issue of the Dallas paper contains a list of oil companies which had filed their organizations at the State Capitol at Austin since January 10, 1901, the date when the "Lucas gusher" was struck. They are 127 in number, with nominal capital ranging from $5,000 to $5,000,000. The average rate of production of companies (not the production of oil) has been four per day, but the average is increasing, and there is no limit to the number except the gullibility of the public. The excitement has not extended to the East in any marked degree as yet, but it may be expected to break out here soon. In Texas it has assumed all the phases of a craze, like the tulip mania of Holland, the Mississippi bubble of France, the South Sea bubble of England, and the oil craze of Pennsylvania in the later sixties. Texas is now enjoying a season of remarkable prosperity, due not to her oil wells, but to fine crops and good prices for her wheat, corn, cotton, and cattle. She has "money to burn," and she is putting it into oil speculation with a recklessness and abandon quite mournful to contemplate. Barbers and bootblacks, printers and reporters, cooks and chambermaids, salesmen, railroad hands, small tradesmen, and others, mostly in the humbler stations of life, are investing their savings in so-called oil companies, with the chances as forty to one that they will never again see a dollar of the money so expended.

This does not imply that there is no oil in Texas. There is abundance of it, perhaps more than in any other oil-field in the United States. It has been found in enormous quantity, and in the most unpromising places. Nothing more unexpected ever happened than the striking of oil at Corsicana some five years since, when the town authorities were boring for water. If oil should be found in the cactus region of the Rio Grande, it would not be more surprising than the discovery at Beaumont. The loss and misery that await the buyers of oil shares at Beaumont are the inevitable consequence of the gamble they have rushed into. Nobody knows as yet what can be done with the oil that spouts from the ground at that place. It is not an illuminating oil, but it is said to be a good fuel oil. How it is to be used for fuel is not yet determined, but it is said that tests are to be made in locomotives of the Southern Pacific Company. Most likely it will prove serviceable in that particular, and there is room for unlimited use of fuel oil in Texas, which is destitute of coal mines. Yet it will take a year's time, with all the capital that can be furnished, to provide facilities of storage and transportation, pipe lines, tanks, tank cars, tank steamers, wharves, etc. The buyers of shares in the 127 oil companies that have been incorporated since the 10th of January are of the sanguine kind who expect dividends and an advance in the market price of their holdings within thirty days.

The truth is, that not one in a thousand of the buyers of oil stocks knows what he is buying. The shares of the few "gushers" that have actually "come in" are not for sale. These are reserved for rich people, who do not part with their money on any light consideration. The barbers and bootblacks and scullions who buy shares at 10 cents to 75 cents each are attracted by names which they read in the newspapers. If they see that members of the Legislature, members of Congress, ex-Governors, leading lawyers, merchants, stump-speakers, railroad men, are in the Boards of Directors, they assume that these persons know what they are about, and they send in their money, although they have no evidence that these men have invested a dollar beyond the nominal sum necessary to qualify them as directors. Of course, it is useless to preach to these deluded souls. Nothing but their own experience will open their eyes or do them any good.

## *YELLOW FEVER AND THE MOSQUITO.*

A distinguished man, well qualified to speak with authority, remarked in private conversation last summer: "I am satisfied that yellow fever does not depend on filth, and that the uncleanliness of a place has practically nothing to do with the presence or the spread of the disease." A year earlier the speaker himself, as well as all students of the subject, would have held such a theory rank heresy; and even when uttered, it was only the expression of a single person, although one of observation and judgment.

Since that time the remarkable demonstration by Major Walter Reed, of the Army Medical Corps, and his colleagues as to the mode of propagation of the disease in Cuba has shown that filth is not a necessary condition, and now comes incidental confirmation in an official report from another direction upon certain conditions in Cuba. It is yet sufficiently novel to be repeated here that Major Reed has demonstrated, both negatively and positively, that yellow fever does not arise from the physical débris of previous cases, nor from the closest connection with presumably infected textile fabrics of the ill or the dead; but that the *Culex fasciatus*, having fed on a yellow-fever patient, acts as an intermediary host, and through its sting injects the efficient cause into the susceptible victim. As Sambon and his colleagues in the Roman Campagna remained free from malarial disease without taking any other precaution than efficient screening, and the infected *anopheles* conveyed the disease from Italy to an otherwise unexposed subject in England, so mosquito-free non-immunes in Cuba lived and slept for weeks in the immediate presence of soiled yellow-fever bedding and clothing, while others succumbed to the bite of the selected and infected *culex*. These are the first epoch-making sanitary developments of the opening century.

In neither case has the disease cause been demonstrated out of the human body and that of the mosquito, but in both cases the mode of infection has been so clearly proved that the method of prevention, which is so much better than cure, is plain and available. Following these carefully regulated experiments, Major Valery Havard, the chief medical officer of the Department of Cuba, in a report under date of February 8, upon the sanitary condition of Havana, says: "It is certain that in Havana in 1900 no visible correlation could be seen between dirt and yellow fever." It appears that the cleanest and best-constructed district east and south of the Parque Central was the first to become strongly infected with the disease, while the unsanitary wards were attacked only late and lightly. The fever did not follow the poor and the unclean, nor the lines of previous infections, but rather the movements of non-immunes, regardless of hygienic conditions.

Statistics are notoriously difficult of interpretation. However, omitting the years 1896-'8, which introduced the disturbing factors of war and abnormal overcrowding, the death-rate of Havana during six fairly average years before American occupation was 33.21 per thousand per annum, against 18.4 for New York, 19.8 for London, and 20.2 for Paris. Of the whole number, yellow fever, which one is disposed to think of as a constant scourge, represented less than 6 per cent., or only a little more than one in seventeen. This is possibly an understatement, from imperfect registration in infantile cases, but the figures are official. Excluding infants, the fever is limited to the immigrants, all of whom are attacked, sooner or later; so that, while to the general population an outbreak of the epidemic is a minor matter, to all non-immunes of whatever age it is much more serious than the low percentage of deaths would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indicate. With the *culex* subdued, the fever will be controlled.

The reference just made to abnormal overcrowding implies that there is an ordinary overcrowding, and on this in part depends the mortality from tuberculosis, which is nearly three times that from recorded yellow fever. The overcrowding does not result in imperfect ventilation, as would follow in colder climates, so much as in concentrated organic decomposition, greater liability to tuberculous infection, undue dampness from want of proportionate sunlight, and exposure to draughts in the more inclement season, leading to catarrhs, which, in turn, establish favorable media for bacterial growth. With a general lowering of vitality, there is ineffective resistance to the infecting bacillus. It is probable that in Cuba, as in the Philippines, suppuration, once set up, rapidly passes beyond control. Generally improved sanitation, better habits of living, and the wider range of habitations which will become practicable after the extension of power roads to the suburbs, will be the main means of elevation. With most thoughtful persons, Major Havard believes that the reasons why tropical peoples eat little flesh are financial rather than physiological, and that "meat is an indispensable component of a good diet in all parts of the world."

What has been done and what should be done for the improvement of the people, constitutes an interesting study. The practical lessons of the Reed demonstration are that, with the morbific mosquito out of the way, yellow fever will not spread, and, as Major Havard points out, the duty of the quarantine officer will be limited (as to this disease) to detaining possibly infected patients over the five days of incubation and to fumigating the ship against the *culex*. Formaldehyde as a gas kills the insects promptly, and in a few hours renders an apartment, afloat or ashore, free from possible disease-bearers. Its most common use will be on land, where it has already been most effectively employed. In Havana no second case occurred in 694 out of 885 infected houses. Some of the charged insects may be expected to seek water for breeding promptly, and they should be followed up there. Pools must not be tolerated, and as the insect fortunately is local and home-keeping in its habits, it is quite possible to exterminate it by depriving it of watery breeding-places. All this is also true of the malaria-bearing *anopheles*.

## *CLOUDS ON GERMANY'S FUTURE.*

The German press has not failed to remark the rather sombre tone of the Emperor's speeches at Bonn. His note of vague apprehension is, in fact, but an echo of a common and growing sentiment in Germany. As the unmistakable beginnings of industrial depression are casting their shadow over the Empire; as the air is filled with rumors of crumbling alliances; as tariff wars with Russia and with the United States are seen to be the almost inevitable result of the Government's capitulation to the Agrarians; as the Social Democratic party promises to display even greater strength than before in consequence of the slackening of trade and the increased cost of food, an uncomfortable feeling that troublous days are ahead has taken possession of the general German mind. The Kaiser but reflects in his despondent speeches the prevailing disquietude.

And it must be said for him that with sure insight he has put his finger upon the real seat of the trouble. This is the spirit of faction and particularism which has always afflicted the Germans. The Emperor quoted with much appositeness the reason given by Tacitus for the failure of the Alemanni to make head against the Roman arms—"propter invidiam." It is a defect which has persisted to the present hour. Bismarck used to say, "Wherever there are three Germans, there are four opinions." It was his way of lamenting the absence of a truly national spirit throughout the Fatherland. True, a powerful race-consciousness was created by the events of 1870, which made possible the welding together of all the German states; but even so, it was in some respects a *callida junctura*, as the late outbursts of South German jealousy at the overweening pretensions of Prussia have shown.

It is, however, in the stubborn individualism and aloofness of classes, rather than of sections, that the chief political peril of Germany resides. The Agrarians, the Junker party, are the Bourbons of German politics. They learn nothing and they forget nothing. Immovable, implacable, they may be outvoted, but are always unconvinced, and bide their time. For them, the give-and-take of politics does not exist. Their one fixed idea is the continued dominance, under all conditions, of the old landed aristocracy. With not too great unfairness their motto has been said to be:

"Lasst Reichthum, Handel, Recht und Wissen sterben,
Nur unsern alten Adel nie verderben."

Now it is to this political faction, with its sturdy contempt for foreign trade and imperial interests, that Chancellor von Bülow has surrendered. He has undertaken to revise the Caprivi commercial treaties in such a way as to give better protection to German agriculture. More than that, he has specifically promised to enact a tariff for the especial benefit of the Agrarians, with higher duties on raw materials and food products. Of course, the intention is in this way to win the needed votes in the Reichstag for naval and colonial expenditures, and in the Prussian Diet for the Emperor's pet project of internal canals. But is not the Government's policy really an undertaking to reconcile contradictories? We speak not now of warring political factions, but of antagonistic principles of commerce. Will it be possible, in other words, for Germany to hold her own in the fierce competition for the trade of the world if she deliberately handicaps herself with taxes on raw materials and food?

"Our future is upon the water," the Kaiser has boasted. Certainly the general prosperity of Germany, and the expansion of her foreign trade, since 1870, must be counted among the wonderful achievements of the nineteenth century. In thirty years the population of the Empire increased by 15,000,000, and its foreign commerce nearly doubled. Tonnage under the German flag was multiplied by ten. German industries became extraordinarily diversified and efficient, and the country took on an unaccustomed appearance of wealth. But there has been one drawback. German colonies have never paid. Only one is self-supporting, and the deficits on the colonial account to be covered from the Imperial Treasury are increasing every year. The latest estimate was of a vote of $6,500,000 by the Reichstag to keep the colonies going. In Kiao-Chau alone the shortage was $2,500,000.

Of course, all this has been regarded as an investment on which returns would be had in the future. But the question is whether a return to the policy of high protection in Germany is not going to make the German colonies a still more expensive luxury than they have been in the past, and also to reduce Germany's share in the world's trade. What is the use of going "upon the water" if the goods you send abroad in your ships are made too costly by your protective taxes at home? It is certain that both the English and the Russians, to say nothing of American competitors, are pricking up their ears at the rumors of Germany's tariff embroilments. The well-informed "Calchas," who writes in the last *Fortnightly* on the subject, "Will Germany Fail?" distinctly traces the great danger to the lack of a sound political instinct in the Germans, showing itself in the obstinate and unyielding opposition of class to class, and the forced return of the Government to the policy of protection. His forecasts are already justified, in a measure, by the statistics of declining German trade and crippled industries. All told, the phenomenon is one which goes far to explain the strain of melancholy in the Emperor's public addresses.

## PAULSEN'S 'PHILOSOPHIA MILITANS.'

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April 19, 1901.

With the exception of Herman Grimm,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there is no German scholar now living who may be said to maintain the traditions of the classic era of German idealism in as vigorous and broadly effective a manner as Friedrich Paulsen. In temper and training he is widely apart from his older colleague. Grimm seems to belong to the idyllic atmosphere of Weimar court life. One might characterize his habitual state of mind by the lines in which Goethe expressed one side at least of his own all-embracing nature:

"Zierlich Denken und süss Erinnern
Ist das Leben im tiefsten Innern."

One may imagine him roaming about with Goethe in "forest and cavern" of the Thuringian Highlands, revelling in the stillness of the woods, and musing about the destiny of man; one may think of him as delightful companion and graceful *raconteur* at one of those simple and unpretentious entertainments at the Dornburg or the Belvedere which fascinated the worldly Mme. de Staël. Paulsen is made of harder stuff. The leading professor of ethics at the foremost German university is still at heart the farmer's boy of forty years ago. He has something in him of Fichte's uncompromising temper; he is altogether a man of the people; he does not care to shine in society; he opens up only when in company with a few trusted and old-time friends; he is most truly himself when called upon, either in the lecture-room or in the literary arena, to expound or defend a far-reaching moral principle. Both Grimm and Paulsen seem somewhat out of place in the stir and rush of the intensely modern and intensely practical German capital; but it is a hopeful sign for the future of German culture that two such men should have risen to influence and leadership in the midst of these very surroundings.

Just now Paulsen has published a volume of essays, entitled 'Philosophia Militans,' which will perhaps still more clearly than his former, more systematic writings bring home to the popular mind his peculiar position as defender of idealism. As these essays address themselves avowedly to the *auditorium maximum* of persons interested in the literary aspect of philosophy, it may be not unfitting for one of this class of readers to note down some of the impressions which he received from them, and to point out the place which they seem to him to have in the general movement of contemporary German thought.

All of the essays here collected deal in one way or another with the great intellectual conflict which, though it pervades the life of all modern nations, is being fought at present with particular bitterness in Germany: the conflict of the idealistic view of the world with the supernaturalistic dogma on the one hand, and with materialistic science on the other. As typical representatives of these two extremes of supernaturalism and materialism, Paulsen considers at length two books which, during the last two years, have aroused public opinion in Germany to a remarkable degree: a 'History of Idealism,' by the Catholic philosopher, O. Willmann, and Haeckel's ultra- (or shall we say pseudo-) scientific 'Riddles of the Universe.' These two books illustrate to Paulsen the condition in which Philosophy has found herself placed now for a good many years past. Her road, he says in effect, passes through two hostile camps, from both of which she is continually being insulted and attacked. On one side she is accused of leading to atheism and moral perversion; on the other she is reviled as a traitor to science, as a mountebank cheating the credulous with such useless patent-medicine stuff as "God, Freedom, and Immortality." No doubt, the two extremes hate each other, but in their enmity against idealistic philosophy they are at one. And in a certain way they esteem each other and are indispensable to each other. There can be little question but that Haeckel's 'Riddles of the Universe' will be greeted by the Catholic party with a certain joyous satisfaction as a complete incarnation of the evil principle of modern philosophy. And Haeckel, on his part, takes a certain æsthetic pleasure in Catholic theology and philosophy, since here he sees in its normal and fully developed form what appears only as a partial and stunted growth in the systems of Kant and Fichte.

As might be expected, Paulsen has an easy game with the slander and calumnies heaped by his Catholic opponent upon nearly every great name in the history of philosophy since Thomas Aquinas. Indeed, it might almost seem a waste of energy to refute such statements as these: that Spinoza was a tricky Jew and unscrupulous demagogue, whose criminal ethics had no other aim than the extirpation of Christianity; that Hume was a shallow sophist, "whose skepticism resembles the worms that form in a dead body"; that Kant was a rebel against law and duty, an advocate of selfishness and license, an underminer of society, a Robespierre in philosophic disguise. What gives to this whole discussion its significance is this, that a man like Paulsen should condescend to take notice of such distortions of history, that he should think it necessary to uphold once more the fundamental thought of the last three hundred years against the violent assaults made upon it by the resuscitated ghost of mediæval scholasticism. No man could be further removed from sectarian prejudices than is Paulsen; no one could be fairer toward all forms of religious or philosophic belief. No writer of recent years has done fuller justice to the greatness, universality, large-mindedness, and beauty of the mediæval church. One might even say that there is a vein of mild contemplativeness, a fondness for mysticism in him that has at times made him, perhaps, too lenient toward religious creeds which, after all, do not stand the test of clear thinking. If such a man, then, sees himself forced to enter the arena for the defence of the most elementary principles of free thought, it is manifest that Hannibal is, indeed, *ante portas*, that the Catholic Church is once more preparing for an attack all along the line against every stronghold of the modern view of life; and the authorities responsible for public instruction in Germany will do well on their part not to omit anything that may help to prevent the substitution, in the minds of the growing generation, of the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas for the philosophy of Kant.

That this is indeed the goal which the Catholic Church has in view, is made clear by a papal rescript of September 8, 1899, to the French clergy, quoted by Paulsen, in which Pope Leo XIII. warns the clerical authorities against an "insidious and dangerous philosophy of Protestant origin" which cannot but lead to utter moral ruin and destruction. It is defined as a doctrine

"which, under the seductive pretext of delivering human reason from all prejudices and deceptions, denies reason the right to any conclusions except about its own functions, and thus abandons to a boundless skepticism all those arguments which, by approved metaphysics, were made the indispensable and indestructible foundation for demonstrating the existence of God, the spirituality and immortality of the soul, and the objective reality of the outer world."

While in this whole discussion Paulsen asserts the reasonableness of the Kantian view of life against the unreasonable absolutism of papal infallibility, he maintains it in his criticism of Haeckel's 'Welträtsel' against the equally unreasonable infallibility of scientific materialism. Into the details of this controversy I cannot here enter. I can only urge the reader to follow himself the truly delightful path of Paulsen's critical analysis. Highly entertaining is the way in which he dissects Haeckel's fantastic and futile attempt to replace both speculative and experimental psychology by what he calls "evolutionary psychology"—a method which turns out to be based upon the fundamental error of an arbitrary identification of locomotion and consciousness in the lowest organisms. Masterly is the proof how little Haeckel's doctrine of the relation between body and mind has to do with Spinoza's theory of the parallelism of physical and psychical processes, although Haeckel plumes himself upon having given to this Spinozistic theory its final scientific application—in Spinoza (so Paulsen shows), a clear juxtaposition of two different kinds of processes, accompanying each other, corresponding to each other, but without the relation of cause and effect; in Haeckel, an utter confusion and chaos, arising from his promiscuous use of matter, motion, energy, thought, spirit as identical terms. Most amusing is the description of Haeckel's monistic religion of the future, in which the churches will be transformed into aquariums "illustrating by molluscs, crabs, and corals the wonderful art forms of sea life," the high altar being replaced by an "Urania revealing in the revolutions of the celestial orbs the omnipotence of the law of substance," while the whole cult of course is to be directed by Haeckel himself, the discoverer of the *homo alalus*, of the *cyto-* and the *histopsyche*.

All this I can only touch upon briefly. But in order to indicate the position which Paulsen himself occupies between these two extremes of a supernaturalistic theology on the one hand and a pseudo-philosophic science on the other, I cannot refrain from quoting in full a passage in which, at the end of the whole book, he seeks to define the positive and constructive element which, in spite of all its vagaries and absurdities, this essay of Haeckel's contains:

"After all, one may perhaps see in the 'World Riddles' a symptom that natural science is once more on the point of lifting itself beyond the merely physical aspect of things to a higher and more comprehensive, in other words, to a philosophical aspect of the world. Haeckel's final goal is marked by the names Bruno, Spinoza, Goethe; he tends ultimately toward a view which conceives of psychic life, not as of something removed from reality and foreign to it, but as something most intimately allied to it, as the other, the inner side of its being. What Haeckel really means to say is this: to every relatively complete system of bodily processes there corresponds a system of mental processes; all things are of psycho-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

physical nature. The most manifest case of this universal state of things is found in the organic forms of life. To the physiological observation they appear as units of bodily systems with most complex processes of locomotion, which are regulated by the universal law of the conservation of energy. But by the side of these processes of locomotion which the physiologist observes, and whose laws he tries to discover, there are going on other processes which are not accessible to the scrutiny of the physiologist. These mental processes are accessible to us directly only in one way, namely, through our own consciousness; but they are inferred by everybody as existing for the whole realm of human and animal life. To the thoughtful observer of nature, however, it is impossible not to go beyond this. The inner affinity and unity of the universe, with its constant interchange of cause and effect and its constant transformation of the organic and the inorganic, is so great that even the physicist finds himself constrained to believe in a psycho-physical principle of all nature. And thus we come to the conclusion: To every uniform physical system, to the simplest, such as cells and molecules, as well as to the largest, such as celestial bodies and cosmic systems, there corresponds some sort and some form of mental life, comparable in a way to the life which we experience in ourselves.

"Had Haeckel gone the whole length of his thoughts, he would have arrived at the view which Fechner has developed with full precision and clearness. Are Fechner's thoughts, after having rested for a generation almost inactive in the womb of time, at last about to be called to new life? Are they to accomplish in the new century what they clearly point to? Are they to win back natural science to an idealistic view of the world from which it had been estranged by the failure of *a-priori* speculation?"

In a highly suggestive and truly enlightening book on contemporary German life by William H. Dawson, which has just come to my notice,* there is a particularly well-balanced chapter on "Religious Life and Thought." The burden of this chapter is an expression of regret that the materialistic doctrines as preached by the Social Democracy should have taken away from a large part of the working classes all respect for religion, all supernatural faith, all recognition of supreme and objective ethical laws. Although this statement seems to me to leave out of account the ethical and religious forces embodied in the Socialist movement itself, it is certainly true that these constructive forces have not yet produced a system of idealistic opinions, to which the mass of those who have fallen away from the old church creed would be willing to subscribe. It is to such men as Paulsen, Eucken, and Ziegler that we must look for helping on the day of this new secular religion of the masses.

KUNO FRANCKE.

## MME. REINHARD'S REMINISCENCES—II.

PARIS, April 6, 1901.

We left Reinhard and his wife on their way to Switzerland, where he was sent as Ambassador on leaving the Foreign Office. Talleyrand had taken the true measure of Reinhard, a hard-working, conscientious man, who did not care for preëminence, and was ready for anything in order to make his fortune—not very different from the poor German peasant who goes to distant colonies; from Grimm, who made his fortune as a literary correspondent of empresses and princesses; from so many other Germans who honestly make a living, and sometimes acquire a great reputation, in foreign lands. Madame Reinhard's letters from Switzerland are amusing; they describe the curious state of things which existed at Berne during the French occupation. Berne was very anti-French, and the task of the French Ambassador was anything but easy. Bonaparte arrived in May, 1800. He received Reinhard, and questioned him on the state of Switzerland and its resources. "He let him speak, which is rare, and listened to him." "After this audience," says Madame Reinhard, "we walked on the terrace, where the view is marvellous. We saw the rocks of Meillerie, immortalized in the writings of Rousseau. . . . We looked on the Valais, the door through which the hero intends to enter Italy. These mountains are going to become illustrious in history, and future ages will say with reason that Bonaparte alone could attempt such an enterprise." Bonaparte is the "hero" for Madame Reinhard; he was so on the eve of the 18th Brumaire; he will be so in her eyes to the end. Her admiration of him is absolutely sincere; she was evidently a person of great imagination, and Napoleon's career seemed to her like a long and marvellous poem.

While Napoleon was at Berne, Reinhard had some difficulties with the Swiss Government; he explained them to Napoleon, who simply told him to hint to the members of the Government to keep quiet, "as it was his will, and he admitted no change in the dispositions which had been taken, at least till the month of October. . . . At that time, the fate of Europe will be settled, and people will know whether she will be free or enslaved." Soon afterwards, Napoleon crossed the Alps, the battles of Montebello and Marengo were fought; Piedmont with all its fortresses was in the hands of the French. "Only a Bonaparte could change the whole face of things in five weeks."

Reinhard was recalled in October, 1801, and was received by the First Consul, whom he found perfectly well informed of all the affairs of Helvetia. "We will try to give you a promotion; speak of it to the Minister"—the Minister being Talleyrand, who sent Reinhard to Hamburg as Minister to Lower Saxony and Hamburg. The correspondence is interrupted during the four years which Madame Reinhard spent at Hamburg, where her family lived; we know that her husband's instructions ordered him to hinder England from obtaining recruits in Hamburg and in Denmark, and to favor in every possible way the march of the French troops in Germany and in Hanover. He found himself thus in constant relations with the French commandants of army corps, especially with Bernadotte, who occupied Hanover. Bernadotte communicated to Reinhard the order given by the Emperor to arrest Rumbold, the English Minister, near Altona, and to seize all his papers. Reinhard had to execute the order, though he protested in a letter to Talleyrand against what he justly considered a violation of the law of nations. This protest was probably the cause of the recall of Reinhard, who was replaced in Hamburg by Bourrienne.

In the spring of 1816 Reinhard was sent as Consul-General to Moldavia, with the additional title of Resident in the Turkish Provinces. His wife's letters now take us to regions which were considered at that time out of the pale of civilization, and which even now may be called semi-barbarous. There were no railways, and a journey from Paris to Jassy was no easy matter. Madame Reinhard was a woman of courage. "Many deceptions," she says, "many painful experiences have thrown over the last few years a veil which my eye is unable to pierce. One point only has remained bright, and my soul finds peace and repose when I turn towards it: the love of my dear parents and the sense of accomplished duty. These are treasures which cannot be taken away from me; they have shown me the road to follow, and will give me strength to persevere."

Reinhard and his wife could reach Jassy only with a strong escort; they went in a post-chaise through Hungary, Transylvania, Wallachia. The details given of this long journey, visits to old Greek convents, presentations to the Prince and Princess Ypsilanti at Bucharest, are extremely graphic. It was not without difficulty that Madame Reinhard accustomed herself to the semi-Oriental life of Moldavia. "This unfortunate country is the theatre of all sorts of atrocities—people assassinate, pillage, burn; and all this happens at forty or fifty leagues from Jassy, in a province which is part of a great empire. . . . All these troubles make communications very difficult."

The impending war of Napoleon with Russia made the position of the French Minister more and more trying, as the boyards of Moldavia were all more or less in sympathy with Russia. The battle of Jena strengthened him for a while. On the 6th of November, Madame Reinhard writes: "Who would now dare to measure himself with our Emperor and to thwart his vast combinations? His army, after twelve years of continual struggle, may now be called invincible. Is not the complete defeat of the Prussians evident proof of it? The war now advances our way, and the reconstitution of Poland must haunt the mind of our sovereign." A Russian army entered Moldavia at the end of November; Jassy was occupied by regiments of Cossacks. Reinhard decided to leave Jassy, and asked for passports. He was made prisoner on the way, and taken to a small town in Ukraine on the confines of Russian Poland. Reinhard was, in his turn, the victim of a violation of the law of nations. The letters written by Madame Reinhard during her forced sojourn in Russia are extremely touching. Fatigue and emotion nearly overpowered her strength, but she never lost her courage, nor even her faculty of observation, and she gives a very good account of all that falls under her eye. Reinhard sent a letter to Prince Kurakin protesting against the measure of which he was a victim. Kurakin sent him word that his letter had been given to the Tsar, and on the 12th of January, 1807, he was released from prison. The Emperor informed him that his arrest was due solely to the precipitancy of certain officials, and expressed his regrets.

Among the many incidents of Reinhard's return with his wife and their two young children from Russia to France, we will note only their meeting with Goethe at Carlsbad. They were both Germans by birth, and could not help feeling much pleasure in making the acquaintance of the greatest German poet. Madame Reinhard judges Goethe in these terms:

"I have spoken to you already of our interest in contemplating this man of extraordinary and universal genius. I say contem-

*'German Life in Town and Country.' G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1901.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plating, for our relations, so far as I am concerned at least, have never been cordial. There is in him too much preparation, a want of *naturel*, which does not excite confidence. . . . Professor Huber says truly that Goethe shuns all individuality, and this is why he has never moved my heart; he soars above all human miseries, like an inhabitant of other spheres. He never speaks of himself; I have never seen him interested in the joys or the pains of others. One rarely obtains from him a mark of approbation or of displeasure. When one speaks to him of the sufferings and deceptions of people he knows, he looks upon it all as *faits divers*, and cites similar cases. Nothing moves him. He lives in the sphere of his ideas and of his knowledge, an immense sphere, which embraces all sciences, and he finds amusement in the most abstruse matters. He occupies himself ardently with botany, chemistry, mineralogy, astronomy; everything is familiar to him. The theory of colors is his present hobby. . . . Admired as he is, no homage surprises him. During a conversation in which Goethe expressed himself with unusual fire, my husband told him that though he had found himself at different times in contact with remarkable men, he had never found in any such a wealth of ideas, such harmony, such elevation of feeling, so perfect an ensemble as in him. He confessed that he sometimes found it difficult to follow him, and was often dazed by the justness and the audacity of his conceptions. This homage did not seem to astonish the poet, who replied that it was, in fact, necessary to be accustomed to his language to be able to understand him; that he himself, on account of this, had given up taking part in conversations, and that he talked only when he found men of his own level."

Reinhard, ever after his conversation with Goethe at Carlsbad, maintained a correspondence with him, which has been published, at least in part.

Reinhard was sent, on his return, to Cassel, where he represented France for six years in the new kingdom of Westphalia. The letters written by him while he was the intermediary between Napoleon and his brother Jerome do not appear in the volume just published, and will be the subject of another publication. The correspondence, after this interval, begins only in 1813, when Napoleon's empire had begun to totter, and when the French had to abandon Germany. Reinhard made a dignified retreat from Cassel; he had no illusions, and felt that the days of the Empire were numbered. His wife kept her faith in Napoleon's fortune to the end. She wrote, however, in 1814, when she heard that a Bourbon had been proclaimed king in Lyons: "Must we regard this news as the end of an awful slaughter, or as the beginning of other bloody struggles?" For a moment, she saw "the star of Napoleon shine with a new brilliancy." That was after the victory of Champaubert; but when Paris was taken by the allies, when the end came, she could not help writing: "Thank God, it is all over." Talleyrand had no difficulty in reconciling Reinhard with the old dynasty, and, when he took the Foreign Office, he attached Reinhard to himself as Director at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

"My husband," writes Madame Reinhard, "foresaw that the Prince of Benevento would reappear on the stage. He had recalled his wife, whom he at first sent away [in the confusion which followed the arrival of the allies before Paris and the flight of the Empress], and, on Wednesday morning, my husband heard him express himself with great freedom of mind. 'The end is near,' said he, 'and I will not go away.' Pressed by the other high functionaries, he made believe he was going; but he had taken his measures, and his carriage was stopped at the barrier by national guards, who begged him not to leave the capital. Now, Talleyrand has put a white cockade on his hat. He has convoked the Senate, and the Tsar lives in his house."

Madame Reinhard died in the spring of 1815, worn out by the fatigues and the emotions of the preceding years. She did not see the triumphant return from Elba and the final downfall of the man who for her had always been the "hero."

# Correspondence.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Among the comments on Gen. Funston's capture of Aguinaldo, and the Administration's reward for that feat, I have not seen the "pension system" mentioned as one of the forces that have lowered the standard of military honor among the American soldiers and people to such an extent as to make possible the method of this capture and its reward.

Most of the men in the army—particularly among the volunteers—are too young to remember when the civil-war veterans as a whole were not engaged in a mad scramble for "more pensions," and when the politicians were not eagerly granting these pensions in order to win the "soldier vote." This spectacle has represented the old soldiers, not as men who offered their lives to preserve the safety and honor of their country, but as men who went to the war for what was "in it" for them.

The ideals for the American soldier having been thus for so long a time degraded, it is not surprising that an army officer, in order to capture an enemy, should adopt the methods of card sharpers and commercial tricksters, who live by their wits rather than by their work. G. S. W.

April 23, 1901.

## M'KINLEY'S DEGREE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* is surely not "magnifying a mole-hill" in setting forth in its true light the silliness and shame of such an act as the conferring of the doctorate of laws on such a man as President McKinley. For who will sign the significant letters after his name—the next President, or William McKinley? William McKinley, of course; hence the compliment is neither to the President nor to the Presidency, but to the man. Let those who may stultify themselves, but the oldest university in the country, the one most honored, should be above such sycophancy.

William McKinley, man and President, is as ignorant of law as he is indifferent to it. Law he has violated both in letter and in spirit. Without truth, without honor, saying one thing and meaning another, making promises for party convenience and breaking them for party profit, cajoling where he fears to coerce, and bullying where he does not openly oppress—President McKinley presents in American public life a spectacle never before seen; and the conferring of a degree by Harvard University on such a man will be the crowning touch to the sight. The purchase for him of the very office which he now disgraces, his payment of political following by every possible place within his gift, his shielding of Alger and Egan, his treatment of the stolen De Lome letter, where he profited by a spying theft to read what was never intended for his eye, and then had no grace of gentlemanliness to hide his shame in his own bosom, put the letter in the fire and forget it, or else forward it to the one to whom it was written; his demoralization of the military arms of the Government, his abuse of the civil service, and would-be debasement of the judiciary—is this the man whom any set of honest, honorable men can consistently honor?

But there are still thousands of Americans who can look quite through the deeds and words of men, and who know President McKinley for what he really is; and if Harvard University (at the instigation, solicitation, and contrivance of Senator Yea-and-Nay Hoar) confers a degree on such a man, she will inflict a wound upon herself from which she may never wholly recover. V.

Baltimore, April 29, 1901.

## BACH AT BETHLEHEM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should like to call the attention of your cultured readers to the fact that a musical event is about taking place at Bethlehem which is unique and epoch-making in America. You are, no doubt, well aware that the Moravian Church throughout the world has fostered church music far beyond any other church. Not only at home, but in every one of its missions, be they among the Eskimos of Labrador, the Hottentots of South Africa, or the aborigines of Australia, church music is brought to a high degree of proficiency. Last year, on March 27, Prof. J. Fred. Nolle (a pupil of Reinberger, Munich), the organist of the Moravian Church at Bethlehem, successfully produced Bach's Mass in B minor, the first time it was ever given entire in America. Now, this year, May 23, 24, and 25 will be Bach days at Bethlehem, as Professor Nolle has been drilling a choir of 110 members, with 100 boys besides, for the chorals, and an orchestra of 60 instruments. The music to be produced will be: First day, Christmas Oratorio; second day, Passion of St. Matthew; third day, Mass in B minor. All these Bach compositions will be given complete. There will be two performances daily, at 4 P. M. and 8 P. M., in order to render each work in its entirety without fatiguing the hearers. In order to make this communication as short as possible, while yet calling your readers' attention to this musical event, in which they cannot fail to be interested, I would say that any one desiring fuller information may address The Moravian Publishing Concern, Bethlehem, Pa.

Among the many musicians who have written that they will attend this Bach festival, I would only mention Mr. Theodore Thomas and wife, Mr. William Mason, and probably Professor Stanley of the Michigan School of Music, director at Ann Arbor. The large Moravian Church seats 1,650 people. Bethlehem is but two hours from New York and Philadelphia.

Arnim de Bonneheur.

## A PORTRAIT INDEX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You are good enough, in your last

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

issue, to notice my Index of American Portraits now appearing in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History*. This is a selection, only, from an index of printed portraits, of a general nature, now comprising notes of some seventy thousand of such portraits (and covering some twenty-five or thirty thousand volumes in addition to the periodicals named in the *Magazine*). Not having been able to make it useful through publication, will you allow me to take this opportunity to inform your readers that I shall always be glad to place the information contained in the MS. at the service of students?

Yours truly, BUNFORD SAMUEL.

RIDGWAY LIBRARY, PHILADELPHIA, April 29, 1901.

## SECONDARY-SCHOOL REFORM IN GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Continued sporadic items in the daily papers concerning secondary-school reform in Germany justify one in supposing that the reading public takes a certain interest in the matter. It is therefore worth while to correct, as far as possible, any erroneous impressions on the subject, the more so as even technical, presumedly well-informed journals have given currency to utterly mistaken ideas. Thus, *Modern Language Notes* (January, 1901, p. 32) publishes the astonishing news, so far uncontradicted, that the *Abiturientenexamen* is to be abolished, adding that "it will not be missed," since "it has been pedagogically a failure if not a positive detriment." As a matter of fact, the examination to be done away with is merely the so-called *Abschlussprüfung* for admission to the one year's military service, three years before the close of the gymnasial course—an institution of quite recent date and a very different thing from the sacrosanct, time-honored *Abiturientenexamen*. The regular promotion to *Obersecunda* will henceforth carry with it the privilege of one year's service. Then, as to the choice between Greek and English (also mistaken by the writer in *Modern Language Notes*), the intention is to allow the substitution of the latter language for the former to pupils who do not expect to finish the gymnasium course; for by making this choice they will be debarred from going beyond the *Untersecunda*, or fourth-highest class. The plan of strengthening the English at the expense of French, wherever local conditions make such a change desirable, has been understood by some to mean the exclusion of the latter language from the gymnasia concerned, and fanciful inferences as to pro-English and anti-French feeling have been drawn from the assumed fact. There is, however, no inclination of purpose anywhere to drop the French, but in the three upper classes English may take its place if the authorities of any gymnasium so decide.

Instruction in the ancient languages in the gymnasia is in no wise made to suffer; on the contrary, the number of recitations in Latin has quite recently been slightly increased, so that from Easter of the present year eight weekly recitations during the first six years of the course, and seven weekly recitations during the last three years, are given to that language. In the Realgymnasia a similar increase of the hours of Latin has taken place. The momentum of secondary-school reform in Germany, in the direction of modernization, is to be found in the flourishing condition and growing number of the so-called Reformgymnasia or Reform schools. Their present number is about thirty, and their success is remarkable, implying, as it does, attainments in Latin with a six years' course, preceded by three years of French, equal to those reached in the nine years' course of the old gymnasium. A. L.

YPSILANTI, MICH., April 28, 1901.

## PROF. ERNST HAECKEL AND HIS CRITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Goethe tells, somewhere in 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' of how his interest in Spinoza was rekindled through finding in his father's library a controversial volume containing a vigorous polemic directed against that "dangerous pantheist." Opposite the title-page was a wretched print duly labelled Baruch Spinoza, and accompanied by the defamatory inscription, "Signum reprobationis in vultu gerens." No one who has read in Lange's 'History of Materialism' the eloquent and touching tribute to the personal excellences and truly Christian graces of the materialist Buechner, can fail to realize how far we in this day have outgrown those very bitter personal animadversions which, as M. Taine reminds us, made the controversial utterances of our fathers sound more like the bellowing of bulls than sober arguments of rational beings. The storm of controversy excited in Germany by the publication of his 'Welträtsel,' by Prof. Haeckel of the University of Jena, appears, however, to form a melancholy exception to this blissful state of affairs.

The matter has, nevertheless, its humorous side. Prof. Haeckel began, with more emphasis than dignity, perhaps, to call the other boys names; now they are all "giving it back to him" in good earnest. It is certainly amusing to see men of the dignity and eminence of Prof. Friedrich Paulsen of the University of Berlin and Prof. Erich Adickes of the University of Kiel, "mad all through," as the boys say, and completely swept away from their usual philosophic calm by a whole-sail breeze of personal feeling as they pay their compliments to the dogmatic naturalism of Professor Haeckel. It reminds me of an experience which I had long ago, as a college boy at Harvard, with the late Professor Lovering, a solemn, gentle, mild-mannered man, who surveyed with unmoved calmness the birth and death of suns and worlds. Once, however, I saw him deeply moved. It was when he referred to one little star which, either through ignorance or obstinacy, had hitherto apparently refused to obey the decrees of the immortal Newton. As he spoke of the criminal vagaries of this wicked and wayward body, the gentle man of science for a moment looked really terrible. Not for worlds would I have been that star!

Somewhat similar is the tone in which Professor Paulsen and Professor Adickes address the materialistic Pope at Jena: "O presumptuous materialist!" they cry, "hast thou not heard, hast thou not known, that the transcendental idealism of Immanuel Kant has made materialism for ever a dead dog and a stench in all philosophical nostrils?" "Have you not read its funeral sermon preached by Dr. Lange in his 'History of Materialism' from the text 'Materialism is dead: Kant killed it'?"

Now this is very provoking! Who likes to have dead things walking about? "But I am not a materialist! You have no right to call me one! I am a monist, and a follower of the great Baruch Spinoza and the immortal Goethe," cries Professor Haeckel. "You are a materialist and no monist. I am a monist, but you are not!" cries Dr. Adickes of Kiel.

"The fact is," they both continue, "with all due regard for your achievements as a man of science and a biologist, you are wofully ignorant in the department of philosophy. It is a discipline in which, neither by training nor natural endowments, are you calculated to do more than cut a sorry figure. You are a materialist, a dogmatist, a bigot, and a fanatic!"

"As to Spinoza," adds Dr. Adickes, "you evidently have never studied his system, and are quite out of your depth when you talk about him!" "You know absolutely nothing of Kant!" adds Dr. Paulsen, "and as to Goethe, permit me to call your attention to what that great man said of that sterile and dreary book, 'Système de la Nature.' I must confess that I am firmly convinced that his opinion of the 'Welträtsel' would have been still more unfavorable if he had been so unfortunate as to have survived this national humiliation which has befallen our literature."

The books to which I refer are 'Philosophia Militans (Ernst Haeckel als Philosoph),' by Dr. Paulsen, and 'Kant contra Haeckel: Erkenntnistheorie gegen naturwissenschaftlichten Dogmatismus,' by Dr. Erich Adickes.

CHARLES EDWARD STOWE.

HEIDELBERG, April 16, 1901.

# Notes.

In case a sufficient number of advance orders can be secured, the American School of Classical Studies in Rome intends to publish immediately a series of twenty-nine heliogravure plates, forming a complete presentation of the sculptured reliefs of the Arch of Trajan at Beneventum. Each plate will be about twelve by fifteen inches in size, and will be printed upon heavy plate paper measuring about seventeen by twenty inches. The whole series will be enclosed in a suitable portfolio, accompanied by a few folios of descriptive text, and will be sold at the price of $10. Communications should be addressed to Prof. Elmer Truesdell Merrill, Chairman of the Managing Committee, Middletown, Conn.

'The Specious Present: A New Inquiry into Human Knowledge,' by Alfred Hodder, and 'Chivalry,' by the Rev. Dr. F. W. Cornish, Vice-Provost of Eton, are in the press of Macmillan Co.

The Laurel Press, No. 159 Fifth Avenue, is preparing a limited luxurious edition of the 'Amoretti or Love Sonnets of Edmund Spenser,' each sonnet embellished with a decorative initial.

The Grafton Press, No. 1 Madison Avenue, announces 'Newyorkitis,' by Dr. John H. Girdner.

A new Life of Scott, by Professor Hudson of Stanford University, is promised by the A. Wessels Co.

Poultney Bigelow's 'Children of the Nations,' dedicated to Mark Twain, is about to be published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Silver, Burdett & Co. announce 'Blue

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shirt and Khaki,' by Capt. James F. J. Archibald, a war correspondent in Cuba and in South Africa.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, have undertaken a reprint of the 'Historical Memoirs of John Heneage Jesse,' in thirty volumes divided between the years 1901 and 1902, with a hundred etched or photo-etched illustrations. The work will be open to the trade.

H. W. Fisher & Co., Philadelphia, have in hand 'And the Wilderness Blossomed,' the story of a flower-garden in northern Maine, by Almon Dexter.

Mrs. Paget Toynbee has made great progress with the edition of Horace Walpole's Letters which she is preparing for the Clarendon Press. Her appeal for manuscripts has been widely answered, and as many as 250 new letters have been discovered. Some of these are of the greatest interest and importance. Several have come to her from America; one gentleman in Boston kindly had a manuscript in his possession photographed to send for the edition. In collating the text of the letters already printed, many omissions and errors have been detected; and the letters to Hannah More (as was noticed in a recent number of the *Athenæum*) were found to have been curiously mutilated. Mrs. Toynbee has had access to most of the collections of Walpole papers, though there are some, especially the Conway and Bentley papers, which it has hitherto been impossible to find. A careful search is now being made for the letters of Walpole to Madame du Deffand. Miss Berry, in her edition of Madame du Deffand's Letters, printed a few extracts from these, but the great bulk of them has never been published. It is seldom that papers of this kind are destroyed, but they become lost in the garrets or muniment rooms of country houses, and often the owners themselves are not aware what treasures they have in their possession. All that can be found Mrs. Toynbee is pretty sure to find; and her edition of Walpole will be for a long time the authoritative one.

Saving large print, no more comely and handy edition should be required than the second of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress, Grace Abounding, and Relation of his Imprisonment.' For the first edition the late Canon Venables was sponsor, and the revision has fallen to Mabel Peacock. A thin paper, not too translucent, allows text and notes to be packed away in 500 pages duodecimo. The work is a product of the Clarendon Press (New York: H. Frowde).

'Dombey and Son,' 'Bleak House,' and 'Little Dorrit' are three of the latest issues in the "Authentic Edition" of Dickens (London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Scribners). The chief distinction of this series is, after the text, revised by the author in 1867, 1868, the old illustrations by Phiz and others; in the case of the frontispiece, colored.

The International News Company are the American agents for 'The Book of Fair Devon,' a bid by the United Devon Association for residents and tourists. It is a long-ish volume, calculated for the pocket, and is an unconventional and systematic guide-book, illustrated by numerous pen-sketches, and by truly charming photographic vignettes of Devonshire scenery. The text does not shine by literary quality, even when specialists take a hand to describe briefly climate, natural history, sports by land and sea, educational advantages, and sanitary recommendations. Of special value here are the professional local health reports. There is an index, but no map—a strange omission. The whim of beginning paragraphs "flush" is surely least excusable in a guide-book.

'The Story of Rome,' by Norwood Young, one of the series called "Mediæval Towns" (London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan), is a pretty little duodecimo of some four hundred pages, in which the author tells anew the oft-told tale in a manner that ought to be very attractive to the general reader. The hurrying traveller, too, would find it a useful supplement to his guide-book, though the more serious will, of course, require something much fuller. The illustrations, by Miss Erichsen, are fresh and often lend a novel charm to old subjects.

Prof. Robinson Ellis, in a recently delivered lecture on 'The New Fragments of Juvenal' (London and New York: Henry Frowde), furnishes us with a text and translation, with notes, of the thirty-six lines of the Sixth Satire, which exists only, so far as is yet known, in a manuscript in the Bodleian. He then considers the question of authenticity, and reaches the conclusion that the verses not only are worthy of Juvenal, but are in Juvenal's best style, being artificial, elaborate, and telling. In tone and subject he compares them with certain passages in the Second Satire. They lost their original place in the Sixth, he thinks, as the result of a remodelling of that poem, though the new edition did not prevail at once to the entire exclusion of these verses. They survived in some copies, either in the margin or in the place in which they are found in the Bodleian MS., after verse 365. To show that his view is not improbable, he points to similar traces of a different and earlier recension in other parts of the same satire, and to parallel phenomena in Ovid's 'Fasti' and 'Metamorphoses.' The pamphlet comes from the pen of a master, and ought to be in the hands of every student of the great satirist.

While Mr. E. S. Shuckburgh's translation of the 'Letters of Cicero' (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan, 1899-1900, 4 vols.) is the best which has appeared in English of that great mass of correspondence, there is still room for a better. It is the only complete version in English, and the only one for a hundred years that even approaches completeness; the translator has done much honest work, and labored, so far as his time allowed, for perfection; but the marks of haste are often painfully apparent on his pages, and he has obviously not lived with his original intimately enough and long enough to enable him to reproduce it and expound it in a satisfactory manner. In the interim, however, those who are unable to use the original will find it useful, though the collegian who turns to it as to a "pony" may find his ride rather an unsafe one, since it is often next to impossible to tell from whose recension of the text Mr. Shuckburgh is rendering. The introductions to the different volumes will put the general reader in a position to appreciate the nature of the times and events in the midst of which the letters are written. The footnotes add considerable antiquarian and biographical lore, and the index is a good one. The letters themselves are printed in chronological order, mainly that adopted by Tyrrell and Purser.

The new (thirteenth) General Catalogue of Columbia University (1754-1900) makes a volume of 760 pages, as against 720 in 1894; and as that issue was accompanied by a facsimile of a table of degrees for 1758-1774, so this latest has prefixed to it a facsimile of the diploma of Frederick Philipse of the class of 1773, whose name figures in the broadside just mentioned. The document bears the signature of President Myles Cooper. What helps to swell, besides a natural increase in the student body, the present catalogue, is the embodiment in it of the information contained in the pamphlet 'War Records of the Alumni' (1898). The Locality Index is maintained.

The Lee papers are, out of sight, the chief treasure of the manuscript collection of the Virginia Historical Society, of which a very condensed calendar has just been published as a supplement to the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*. They fill 33 pages, or more than a quarter of the whole catalogue. Other well-known Virginia names more or less well represented here are Bland, Byrd, Cabell, Carter, Custis, Fitzhugh, Grigsby, Harrison (including a large number of English wills), Henry, Hunter, Izard, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Mason, Massie, Maury, Monroe, Pryor, Randolph, Spotswood, Tucker, Tyler, and Washington. There is, by the way, but a single letter of Gov. Henry A. Wise, and nothing of or pertaining to John Brown. A few Northern men creep in by accident—Gens. John Glover and John Knox, in particular, with Boston Grays and Saltonstall, and John Wentworth of New Hampshire. General State history must be sought under Assembly of Virginia (curiously duplicated in Virginia Assembly), House of Burgesses, Council of Virginia, General Court of Virginia, Confederate Documents, etc.; under Indians, Cincinnati Society of Virginia, and Colonization Society of Virginia. The minutes of the latter organization would probably delight an abolition antiquary.

Mr. Carnegie's library benefactions for March were so numerous that the current *Library Journal* groups them, requiring a page and a half for that purpose. If we reckon aright, the sum total of 58 accepted gifts amounted to $1,720,000, the smallest sum (an addition to previous gifts) being $5,000, and the largest $100,000, to a Canadian institution. The month opened with a gift of $50,000, after which there was a pause, followed by daily gifts from March 7 to March 20 inclusive. March 8 was the banner day, eight institutions receiving $265,000.

The *Geographical Journal* for April is given up mainly to Col. G. E. Church's outline of the physical geography of South America. It is largely the results of his own observations during many years of travel and exploration, in which, as he says, he "wandered through pretty nearly every mule-track" on the continent. The scientific details respecting mountain ranges, river courses, plains, and coast lines are enlivened occasionally by a graphic touch. For instance, referring to the fact that the tropical Andes are at times "a gigantic electrical battery, and that they are then very dangerous to cross," he says that on one occasion he saw two storms arise simultaneously, one of which centred round the dome of Chimborazo, while the other, fifty miles distant, crowned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the summit of Cotopaxi. "Suddenly, through the highly electrified atmosphere, Chimborazo shot a hissing bolt straight for Cotopaxi, which in turn launched one at Chimborazo. Then, for perhaps twenty minutes, with a mighty and ceaseless roar, they hurled their well-aimed lightnings at each other, until the battle clouds dispersed and peace smiled again upon their magnificent loneliness." He closes with a suggestive reference to the severe conditions with which man finds himself confronted here in his struggle with nature, in striking contrast to the conditions which prevail in the northern hemisphere. He adds that he is inclined to believe that had "North America fallen to the lot of the Latin races in the European occupation of the New World, and South America to the Anglo-Saxon, the former might still have maintained its old supremacy, for the more rapid progress of the latter may not be due so much to racial superiority as to advantageous geographical surroundings."

The department of architecture in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology enjoys the twofold distinction of being the oldest architectural school in the country and of being conducted on the principle that "in no profession are breadth of culture and high mental training of greater value than in that of the architect. Recognizing this fact, it is the aim of the department," says its head, Prof. F. W. Chandler, in a report just issued, "to insure to its graduates a liberal education, as well as a directly professional training." In a brief sketch of the methods and subjects of instruction in the four years' course, he calls especial attention to the comparatively new subjects of architectural engineering and landscape architecture, each of growing importance, and to the graduate course, with its travelling scholarships. In 1893 a summer school was established, which has taken two bicycle tours in England, France, and northern Italy for the study of architectural styles. The report is illustrated by twenty-five full-page reproductions of recent work by the students in design, ornament, landscape architecture, etc. A similar set was sent to the Paris Exposition, and the absolutely unique request of the directors that some of them might be given to the École des Beaux-Arts was honorable testimony to the excellence of the work of the Institute.

A correspondent admonishes us that in our recent notice of the 'Ascent of Mt. St. Elias' we erroneously ascribed a German nativity to the navigator Bering, instead of a Danish.

—While many years must elapse before a Panama or a Nicaragua Canal can be made serviceable for commerce, it is certain that before very long Mexico will have solved in great measure the problem of interoceanic communication. The old Tehuantepec Railway route, which, the better part of a half century ago, officially engaged the attention of American engineers and railway men, and already at that time was pronounced by many to be feasible as an alternative to canal construction, has again been brought to the front, but this time under conditions and auspices which are a guarantee of the prompt and worthy execution of the work planned. Sir Weetman Pearson, perhaps the largest contractor for labor in tropical lands, and to whose ability and energy Mexico owes the completion of its famous "drainage-canal"—one of the greatest pieces of engineering work of the century—has been intrusted with the task of reconstructing the already existing railroad, and of building modern port works at the termini on the Gulf of Mexico and on the Pacific Coast of such character as will permit the largest vessels afloat to obtain accommodation and to transfer their cargoes without delay. It is stated that $30,000,000 will be expended, if found necessary, toward the construction of this interoceanic route, and strong hopes are held out that the entire work will be completed within three years. The length of the line is 190 miles, almost exactly that of the proposed Nicaragua Canal, and it is claimed that the transfer from the side of the vessel will be made in less than twenty-four hours, or in about sixteen hours less time than any possible passage of the Nicaragua Canal. While it is certain that an interoceanic railroad can never fully take the place of a canal, it is equally certain that any canal built will have to reckon with the Tehuantepec road as a formidable competitor, owing to the "cut-off" that it will effect in the distance between the ports of the Eastern United States and of the Pacific. It seems that there would be a saving of full 700 miles in the distance between New York and San Francisco by this route as compared with the route via Nicaragua, and still more as compared with the Panama route. On the other hand, the Tehuantepec route, except possibly to New Orleans, would, as compared with Panama, be entirely at a disadvantage as a trade-carrier to the Pacific ports of South America. The Panama Canal route has so manifestly the advantage over all other routes in this relation that it could easily stand whatever competition might be forced upon it by a railroad route to the Northern Pacific. It is more than questionable if the Nicaragua Canal ever could.

—It is interesting to have the opinion of so experienced a practical engineer and contractor as Sir Weetman Pearson on the financial possibilities of the Nicaragua route. We quote from a recent issue of *Modern Mexico* the following, as expressing the opinion of this authority: "The cost of the canal, as estimated by the American Commission, is placed at $200,000,000. This sum, Sir Weetman believes, will be found to be too small, and that the ultimate cost will probably reach $300,000,000. The Commission estimates the annual business of the canal at 7,000,000 tons, and, assuming that this will prove correct, and the same tariff charged as in the Suez Canal—$2 a ton—a revenue of $14,000,000 would be realized. The administration expenses of the canal would probably amount to $5,000,000 a year, leaving a net income of about $9,000,000, or an interest of 3 per cent. on an investment of $300,000,000." Seeing how rapidly the estimates on the construction of the Nicaragua Canal have risen from $90,000,000 through $114,000,000 and $133,000,000 to $200,000,000, it is probably safe to assume that the figures given by Sir Weetman, with his many years' experience in canal and railroad construction in a neighboring region, will more nearly represent the cost of construction than any of the others.

—Among the innumerable "exhibits" prepared for the Paris Exhibition, one of the most interesting is the crimson folio, devoted to the history and working of the Owens College, Manchester, which was prepared by Mr. Hartog, a lecturer on the staff, and is now published by T. E. Cornish of the same city. It may be described as a glorified "catalogue"; and the pictures which it contains will certainly give a good idea of the general aspect of the lecture-rooms and laboratories. Of the outside appearance of the buildings, the impression they produce is necessarily a somewhat flattering one, for no camera could exhibit the grime wherewith Manchester smoke is thickly coating the college walls. That part of the publication which does most credit to the institution, though we may doubt whether it was looked at much in Paris, is the Record of Original Publications by members of the various departments, since its foundation in 1851. This occupies eighty-five pages at the end of the volume, and it is the more honorable because the position of a professor at Owens is by no means one of learned leisure. What an official publication of this kind cannot give is a notion of the place which Owens fills in the community, and of its peculiar function—if, as may be supposed, it has one—in the higher education of England. The editor remarks with justice that Owens has created a new type of college in England—the college closely associated with the interests, and maintained by the civic patriotism, of a great municipality. But this raises the larger question, What is the function of these local colleges generally? One can understand that in a city like Manchester the Chemical Department has been "specially successful," considering also that it has enjoyed the able guidance of men like Sir Edward Frankland and Sir Henry Roscoe. We may believe that "continual efforts have been made to keep a just balance between science and arts"; what we should like to know is how far these efforts have been successful. We observe that the increase in the number of male students, which went on steadily until 1895, has met with some check in recent years. But this may be a temporary phenomenon.

—Perhaps the most remarkable report on the total solar eclipse of May last which has yet appeared is that of Mr. Charles P. Howard, who joined a party from Trinity College, Hartford, and selected Winton, North Carolina, as a favorable point for observing the phenomenon. His instrumental equipment consisted of a four-inch photographic telescope, with a visual finder having a diameter of two inches; but with this modest astronomical outfit he has made, if his report be not overdrawn, more wonderful discoveries in regard to the conditions and surroundings of the sun than have fallen to the fortune of any previous observer. Astronomers have long known that the structure of the solar corona is very complex, but it may well be doubted whether any one has suspected the existence of the intricate and wonderful structure described by Mr. Howard. The outer corona, as he saw it with the unassisted eye, was not "hazy and of indefinite outline," but "had as hard and definite boundaries . . . as if cut from cardboard." The wonders of the corona, however, did not fully appear until he viewed it through his little telescope. Then the pink and greenish-yellow luminosities, quiescent pink streamers, pink stems with enlarged tops, together with rings, rays, fountains, and wisps made what he terms "an intricate and involved mass," a conclusion fully justified if the premises

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be admitted. Among other unique and hitherto unseen objects were the "stalks" and a forest of "pink stems." The stalks, sixteen in number, eight from each polar region of the sun, rose to the height of one hundred and eighty thousand miles; slender, white forms with fan-shaped tops. The southwest limb of the sun seemed to be the point that produced the most unaccountable growth. "Marley's ghosts" might be suggested as an accurately descriptive name for these strange forms, which are perfectly transparent, "so that any number of them could be seen through each other." These astronomical spectres have been seen by no one but Mr. Howard, and as his instruments have been carefully examined by an expert, and no serious imperfection found in them, might it not be well for him to consult an oculist?

—In some eighty pages Mr. E. G. W. Braunholtz has managed to store an amount of information on the subject of 'Books of Reference for Students and Teachers of French' (London: Th. Wohlleben) which is quite surprising. He has covered the ground very thoroughly within the compass he has allowed himself, and, if any regret is felt, it is that he did not extend the scope of his work and include titles of important books on particular epochs. But he may give us this information in an appendix to his present very complete and useful volume. Of omissions that strike one, the first is that, in the reference to *thèses* on page 3, no mention is made of the very high literary and scientific value of many of the works which appear under that not very attractive title. Some of the most important and authoritative studies on French and foreign writers have appeared in this form. Kastner and Atkins's excellent 'Short History of French Literature' will no doubt be included in a future edition of this work. Under No. 4, Literature generally, Janet's 'Les Passions et les Caractères dans la Littérature du XVIIe Siècle' is omitted, though it consists of an interesting study of that literature from the philosophical point of view, and suggests a critical method certain, if applied, to produce valuable results. Marc Monnier's 'Tableau de la Littérature Français au Seizième Siècle,' Sayou's 'Écrivains Français de la Réformation' and A. Desjardin's 'Moralistes Français du Seizième Siècle' are not included. Among the references to works on late nineteenth-century literature is not to be found Vigié-Lecoq's 'La Poésie Contemporaine,' nor, under the Novel in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Morillot's 'Le Roman en France,' which, in addition to well-selected extracts, contains a very good sketch of the evolution of the novel, and excellent accounts and criticisms of writers. Lessing's 'Dramaturgie de Hambourg' is omitted, both in the original German form and in Crouslé's good French translation, as is also Souriau's admirable 'Préface de Cromwell,' one of the best studies in this line. On the other hand, Nebout's very weak 'Le Drame Romantique' is cited. Omitted, again, are the Sévigné letters with Suard's introduction, though this is one of the best selections yet published; Lanneau's 'Scènes et Portraits de Saint-Simon,' still the best selection from this writer; and Fallex's capital volumes of extracts from Voltaire—'Extraits en Prose' and 'Lettres Choisies.' Neither Léon Gautier's translation of the 'Chanson de Roland' nor Fabre's, though one of the most recent and interesting, is named. Finally, we miss Racinet's great work on Costume and Ary Renan's 'Le Costume en France,' Maréchal's 'Histoire Contemporaine,' Lemonnier's 'L'Art Français au Temps de Richelieu et de Mazarin,' Stranahan's 'A History of French Painting,' and Berty's monumental work on 'Le Vieux Paris.' Mr. Braunholtz does not often indulge in appreciation of the comparative value of the works to which he refers the student, but he might have allowed himself a word of commendation for such a book as C. de Witt Willcox's 'French-English Technical Military Dictionary,' the very best work of the kind extant. But the booklet is so well prepared and so uncommonly useful that praise must prevail in the end.

—To all Italianists we heartily recommend the compendious Life of Petrarch forming part of Barbèra's (Florence) "Pantheon: Vite d'illustri italiani e stranieri." Professor Giuseppe Finzi has already won distinction in Petrarch studies; and he has produced, in the compass of 200 pages of a little two-lire volume, a masterly narrative of the chief events in Petrarch's career, followed by an analytic consideration of the man and his problems. He is no mere apologist, and glozes over none of Petrarch's weaknesses or self-contradictions. The poet's love for Laura he assigns to the troubadour variety of the time, and shows it to have consisted with his having children by his mistress, while more than probably some of the verse in the *Canzoniere* was meant for other women than Laura. The *Canzoniere* itself Finzi rejects as worthless evidence regarding the writer, nor are Petrarch's letters (there are none extant in Italian of any moment) to be trusted implicitly, considering how much they were worked over, and always with studiously artistic purpose. Whether Petrarch was an epileptic, he leaves Lombroso and the scientists to decide. Like Rousseau, he was fastidious as to dress, fond of flowers, of art and music; was a collector; loved solitude in theory, had an intense feeling for nature, a perpetual restlessness; loved to make journeys, and was the first mountain-climber. He did not discover the ancient world, but is the modern father of humanism, clothing himself in the classics rather than absorbing them into his tissues; in Latin style far surpassing his contemporaries; so much of a Virgilian as to share that poet's posthumous reputation for sorcery. He was the first Italian, as Dante was not, classic literature and art contributing to make him such; bred and resident in many parts of the peninsula, and embracing the whole in his notion of country; caring little for Rome, except for its laurel, and avoiding residence in Florence, though a Tuscan and desired there. Dante was in exile when absent from Florence; Petrarch when beyond the Alps. Partisan of no one of the political ideas of the fourteenth century, he was wholly sympathetic with the patriotic ambition of Cola di Rienzo. He had no faith is astrology or alchemy, justly despised the medical profession of his time (surgeons excepted), had modern doubts about the hereafter. In these and in other ways he exemplified and personified the individualism which was smothered by the Middle Ages.

## FURTWÄNGLER'S ANCIENT GEMS.

*Die antiken Gemmen.* Geschichte der Steinschneidekunst im klassischen Alterthum. Von Adolf Furtwängler. 3 vols. 4to. Leipzig and Berlin: Giesecke & Devrient, 1900.

Of all the scholars or scientific men now living, we question whether there is one who equals Adolf Furtwängler in his capacity for production. In his own profession of classical archæology there is certainly no one who approaches him. Essays, reviews, encyclopædic articles and catalogues follow one another so rapidly that it seems as though he could have no time for other work, yet they merely fill in the intervals between the monumental volumes which appear in less frequent, but hardly less regular succession. And this productiveness is not remarkable for quantity alone. The quality of the work he has accomplished is no less extraordinary. Gifted with exceptionally keen powers of observation, with a prodigious memory for facts, especially in matters of small detail, with indomitable energy in the investigation of difficult problems, and with the imagination which, when properly balanced, distinguishes the creator from the mere pedant or accumulator, he has written upon no subject without making a distinct advance, either in our knowledge of it, or in the interpretation of such data as were already at hand.

This is high praise, but it is written deliberately, and the more willingly because there is a tendency among some of his colleagues, both in and outside of Germany, to withhold from him the full credit which he deserves, and to lay more stress upon his shortcomings than his strength—a tendency for which it is not always difficult to account. For it must be admitted that his pen is sometimes wielded with more force than tact, that opinions which he does not accept are set aside with scant courtesy, and that his scorn at what he regards as mediocrity or stupidity in the work of other archæologists is expressed with serene indifference to the effect of his words upon them. On the other hand, however, it must also be said that no writer is more careful or conscientious about acknowledging his obligations to others, however trifling the debt or obscure the source from which it has been incurred. But this does not balance the scales. Nobody likes to see his own work dismissed as the "conspicuously bad and absolutely worthless book of a dilettante"; and where such frank expressions are freely indulged in, hostilities must naturally follow. It is therefore not surprising to hear Furtwängler frequently accused of forming "snap" judgments, of formulating theories without due consideration of the opposing facts, of committing glaring inconsistencies in his statements, of making positive assertions where only a conjecture is warranted by the evidence. Such criticism is not confined to those who have felt the sting of his contempt, and it cannot be denied that he has laid himself open to it. In his 'Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture,' for example, there is more than one instance where a theory offered as an hypothesis on one page becomes an established fact on the next; and is made the basis of an argument which rises quickly into a mighty structure, impregnable if the foundation be sound, but always de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pendent upon the "if," though he sometimes seems to forget this fact. Still, even in cases where one cannot accept his theories, the knowledge which he brings to bear in support of them, the ingenuity of his arguments, and his marvellous fertility of resource render whatever he writes worthy of the closest attention; and, whether or not one adopts his conclusions, it is hardly too much to say that there is more suggestiveness in a single page of Furtwängler than in whole essays by many of his contemporaries.

In the book now before us, he is shown at his best, although strictures of the kind we have mentioned are by no means lacking. The book itself is a monument of learning, of industry, and of the brilliant qualities which have characterized the best of his work hitherto. It is difficult to conceive that any other man should cover the same ground independently for many years to come; and, should any one undertake such a task, it is still more doubtful whether he would find a publisher ready to produce the result of his labors in such sumptuous form, and with such manifest disregard of expense, as are displayed in the make-up of these handsome volumes. The foundations for this book were laid, as the introduction tells us, fifteen years ago, when the author began the preparation of his Catalogue of the Gems in the Berlin Museum, which appeared in 1896. In working over the rich material which was there at his disposal, he found that the methods by which the collection had formerly been classified were either wholly unscientific, or far behind the advance which archæological knowledge had made in other directions, and it therefore became necessary to begin at the beginning and work out an entirely new system of classification, based upon other methods of investigation, and bringing to bear the knowledge that had been gained in a generation and more in other departments of archæological research. When we see the results, as they are now laid before us, it is the more extraordinary that the study of gems has been so long neglected, in comparison with that which has been given to other forms of classical art, for it is evident that they rank almost on a level with coins in enabling us to follow minutely the evolution of Greek art and the other arts which were influenced by it, both on the east and on the west. In some respects they are even more important, for, although they do not take us into every little town or community, to show the extent to which the artistic impulse pervaded the remotest corners of the Hellenic world, they carry us back far beyond the period when coinage was begun, and, as is well known, they form one of the most important elements of which our knowledge of the great prehistoric age of Greek civilization is composed.

We do not mean to say, of course, that Furtwängler has been the first or the only one to recognize the importance of gems in this connection, or the need of a new system of classifying them. Ever since Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenæ, the Mycenæan rings and the so-called "island gems" have been the subject of close and thorough investigation, and their bearing upon the ethnology and art of the prehistoric period in Greece has been fully recognized. Moreover, we do not forget the valuable work which has been done in regard to the gems of the historical period by such men as Dr. Murray and his colleagues in the British Museum; by Babelon in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and others. But Furtwängler has worked independently of them all. Beginning with the Berlin collection, and extending his studies to every other collection that was accessible, he has covered the whole range of the subject exhaustively, working out a system of classification into styles and periods from independent observations and deductions, and treating the material with a thoroughness which it has never before received. Whether he is right in all his conclusions, and whether the new standards which he has introduced for determining the period of a gem are always infallible, of course only time and the investigations of others along the lines he has laid down can prove; but he has certainly brought the study of gems up to the level of that of vases, and he has made it so important a branch that hereafter no thorough student of Greek art can ignore it.

The first of the three volumes is taken up with the plates, of which there are sixty-seven. In these and the text-illustrations about 3,600 gems are reproduced, in the size of the originals, with comparatively few exceptions. This retention of the natural size has been a matter of principle with the author, and rightly, for, as he says, it is the size in which the artist made them, the scale on which he counted for his effect; and while in many cases details might have been brought out more clearly by enlargement, the distortion which frequently goes with it would have been unjust to the artist, and, even when not distorted, his work would have been robbed of the minuteness which is its chief charm. On only one plate, therefore (No. LI), and in a few of the illustrations in the text, does he give us a limited number of enlargements; and all the gems there shown are, we believe, illustrated elsewhere in the book in their natural size. The plates are reproductions in heliogravure from photographs taken of plaster impressions of the gems—except some of the cameos, which seem to have been photographed directly from the originals. That this part of the work has been executed with the utmost care is evident from the results, which are uniformly clear and satisfactory for purposes of study; and it is equally evident that the arrangement of these plates formed a very considerable portion of the author's labors in the preparation of the book, since the bringing together and classifying of several thousand impressions, from many different sources, could have been no light task. He tells us (vol. iii., p. 304) that down to the beginning of the Roman Empire it has been his aim to illustrate all the more important or typical examples known or accessible; but the material of the Imperial period is so inexhaustible that he has had to content himself with a limited selection. To the student it will be an invaluable help to find, for example, so many of the Greek gems of the sixth, fifth, and fourth centuries brought together and arranged upon a scientific basis of classification, so that he is enabled to study their characteristics, and to recognize differences that distinguish them from the Etruscan gems which were made under their influence. He will find the same abundance of material illustrating the characteristics of the gems of the Hellenistic period, and, what is no less important, the "Italic" or "early Roman" gems, a hitherto unrecognized class, which Furtwängler has been the first to differentiate and identify. To these we shall return presently.

The second volume *(Erläuterungen)* stands in direct and necessary relation to the first, being a descriptive catalogue of all the gems which are illustrated in the plates. In the plates themselves the gems are distinguished only by numbers; there are no titles or divisions into classes. Here, however, each specimen is classified under the period and country to which it belongs, its material and possessor are named, the design upon it is described, and its bibliography, where it has one, is given in full, generally with references to other gems having a similar design. As it is our purpose to call attention only to the characteristics of the book as a whole, it is not necessary for us to discuss this volume in detail, and we pass therefore to the third.

This, the most important of the three, is a history of the glyptic art in classical antiquity. It is divided into ten sections or chapters, each of which is devoted to a special class or period, with a brief introduction on the characteristics of Oriental gems, and a supplement containing a survey of the art in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, a description of the various kinds of stones used by ancient gem-cutters, and the methods employed by them, and a review of the modern literature of the subject. As this volume contains no less than 464 quarto pages, it would obviously be futile to attempt a résumé of it; but, after reading it carefully, we can conscientiously say that in no other of his writings are Furtwängler's extraordinary qualities so remarkably displayed. It is so full of suggestiveness, it includes so many new points of view which have a bearing upon other forms of art as well as gems, that there is scarcely a page in it which the student of classical archæology can afford to overlook.

The general method which is followed in the several sections is to begin with a study of the historical conditions of the period to be discussed, so far as they may have had influence upon the gems, or may be reflected in them; next to proceed to an investigation of the characteristics of the gems which may be assigned to that period, first as regards the materials employed, then the forms given to the stones, the technique of the designs upon them as regards the cutting itself, the modelling of the figures, and the manner in which they are posed or combined; and finally to give a detailed account of the various kinds of subjects to be found in the class or period in question. We must content ourselves with a bare suggestion of the manner in which these various points have been worked out, by taking two examples, one on the historical, the other on the technical side.

For the former perhaps the most interesting, as it certainly is the boldest and most ingenious, is our author's theory of the relation of Mycenæan art and civilization to those of the East. The older theories, that the art of the Mycenæan age in Greece was wholly or largely derived from Phœnicia or Syria, find fewer followers every year, with the constant accession of new material which controverts them. Indeed, it seems probable that the remarkable discoveries which Arthur Evans is making in Crete will silence them for ever. The monuments which he is bringing to light strengthen to the extent of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conviction the opinion which has been rapidly gaining ground of late years, that the arts of Mycenæ and the other centres of prehistoric civilization in Greece were the vigorous and independent expression of a people who thought for themselves; that, moreover, such analogies to the work of others as they do present are distinctly European, not Oriental, in their character; and that they represent the earliest utterances of the Greek instinct for art, which are quite as original in their way as those which were to be expressed later under entirely changed conditions. Furtwängler, however, goes farther than this. He believes that the prehistoric civilization was not only independent but aggressive; that these early Greeks were not content with making their wares for themselves, but found markets for them both in Egypt and along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, not through the medium of Phœnician traders, but in their own ships; and that in war no less than in peace they were a force with which the Pharaohs had more than once to reckon. He believes these direct relations between the Greeks and Egyptians to have begun as early as the Middle Empire, not later than 2,000 B.C., and to have been greatly developed during the Hyksos period, when the demoralization of Egyptian art gave the Greek traders a favorable opportunity for the introduction of their wares, and even led to the imitation of Greek designs in Egypt. Thus he explains, for example, the resemblance between the Mycenæan daggers and that found in the grave of Ahhotep, the mother of Amasis, by regarding the latter not as the prototype, but the copy of a Mycenæan work. These close relations, commercial and hostile in turn, continued through the following dynasties, and reached their climax at the beginning of the twelfth century in the twentieth dynasty, the period of the Dorian invasion. The effect of this invasion was not only to scatter the earlier inhabitants of Greece and the Ægean islands, but, as he thinks, to cause migrations, both by sea and overland, to the East, through Syria and into Egypt, where the invaders were finally repulsed by Ramses III., many of them finding abiding-places in the countries through which they had just passed, and succumbing to the darkness which was then covering the Greek world.

It is too soon to pass judgment upon this theory, but that it has much to support it no one who has followed the discoveries of recent years in the countries involved can deny. We cannot discuss the arguments by which Furtwängler supports it, or the ingenious manner in which the gems are brought into line as evidence. But perhaps the brief statement we have given will suffice to emphasize what we have said of the importance of this book to students of Greek art in other branches.

As a specimen of the results of his investigations on the technical side of the subject, we may select the new class of early Roman gems to which allusion has been made above. Briefly stated, the process by which this class was distinguished seems to have been somewhat as follows: In classifying the gems which were certainly of Italian provenance, he found two distinctive groups which did not belong under any heading previously established. One of these showed strong affinities with Etruscan gems in certain characteristics, but sufficient differences in others to prove that they could not have been the work of Etruscan gem-cutters. The other showed similar affinities to the later gems of the Greek colonies in Southern Italy, but it was equally impossible that they should have originated there. In the first group it was noticeable that where inscriptions occurred they were almost invariably Latin, not Etruscan; and also that whereas the inscriptions on the Etruscan gems are descriptive of the subject, on these they are simply the name of the owner. The same is true of the inscriptions on those of the second group. They are confined to the owners' names, and are usually in Roman letters, even where the names themselves are Greek. Hence there is an analogy between the two groups; and as these analogies multiply on investigation of the technique, the inference is that the two groups had a common origin; and that the place of this origin lay between Etruria and southern Italy, where the influence of both would be felt—in other words, that these were the gems of the early Romans. Pursuing the lines thus laid out, other technical peculiarities were found which differentiated these gems from those which they imitated, and a broad basis for identification was established which has enabled Furtwängler to classify as Italic or Roman—for he uses the words here synonymously—a large number of intagli, some of which have hitherto been regarded as Etruscan and others as Italo-Greek. All these antedate the Græco-Roman gems properly so called—the gems of the end of the Republic and the early Empire—by a considerable interval. They belong chiefly in the third and second centuries B.C., and if Furtwängler's identification of them is accepted, they will offer a most welcome addition to the meagre material now available for the study of Roman art at that period. The indications by which they may be recognized, and the differences between the two groups, are described with great detail in the text, and the examples of them are numerous enough to fill about twelve plates of the first volume, so that the student has ample opportunity to test the author's claims.

We have not space to go farther into the details of the book. In our notice of it we have shown little disposition to be critical, so far as criticism is the art of picking flaws. It might be shown that the assertion (iii., p. 31) that the Mycenæan gems were not used as seals has been disproved by the discoveries of Evans, who found impressions from them in the palace of Minos; we might confess ourselves unconvinced by the attempts to prove that the scaraboid was not derived from or related to the scarab (iii., pp. 61, 79); we might complain—and with justice—that the vast amount of material in the third volume is not better indexed; and doubtless there are other points to which exception might be taken, just as there are those about which there will always be more than one opinion. They cannot, however, prevent this from being a great book—the most valuable that has ever been written upon its subject; and it is with this impression of it that we prefer to leave our readers.

## SIX BOOKS OF AMERICAN FICTION.

*Stringtown on the Pike.* By John Uri Lloyd. Dodd, Mead & Co.

*The Darlingtons.* By Elmore Elliott Peake. McClure, Phillips & Co.

*Ole Mars an' Ole Miss.* By Edmund K. Goldsborough, M.D. National Publishing Co.

*Devil Tales.* By Virginia Frazer Boyle. Harper & Brothers.

*Crittenden.* By John Fox, jr. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Doctor Dale.* By Marion Harland and Albert Payson Terhune. Dodd, Mead & Co.

'Stringtown on the Pike' is preëminently adapted to the serial form of publication. Every chapter has its situation, and nearly every one its bloodshed. The Kentucky idea is the basis of the book, and it is depicted in all its manifestation (both ante-bellum and post-bellum) of negro superstition, signs and ordeals, and white men's hereditary feuds. Curious old laws are unearthed to add to the historic quality of the tale and give it its greatest interest. For Northern nerves the even balance held between "blind allegiance to ever-changing science and the fanatical faith of a superstitious slave bound to signs and omens, which result from the empirical observation of cycles of phenomena," will probably be disturbing. The final triumph of truth, however, comes about, it must be conceded, by adding to science more science. When the girl heroine confronts and confounds the expert chemist with, "You have but to properly mix hydrastine and morphine to obtain the color reaction of strychnine, although neither will give it alone," we feel that universities for women have not been wasted even if the question will ask itself, Why did not the learned chemist know that himself? And why was it reserved for the girl to discover, after the murder trial, that the supposed victim of poison had taken his "usual bitters before partaking of his breakfast," and to bring the chemist low with the simple statement, "Golden seal contains a colorless, innocent alkaloid"? Science makes a grave mistake, but signs and omens fail not. The whites pooh-pooh them, but constantly see them verified. The book, though packed with incident, is too loosely knitted to be called dramatic. While giving a good idea of the old slave superstitions, it suggests that their force is not altogether a thing of the past. The naïve and the grandiloquent in about equal parts mark the language, where it is not given over to the dialects of the "Kaintuck" mountaineer and the old negro Cupid, who is *deus* and *diabolus ex machina*.

'The Darlingtons' appears to be of the middle West, and has three leading motives, as the musicians say—a Railroad, a Study of Intemperance, and a Religious Theme as exemplified by a Methodist preacher. The Darlington family manage the railroad—the father as president, the beautiful daughter of twenty-two as auditor and comptroller, the son as traffic manager. The story of drunkenness is a moving one, not only because it leads to the most melodramatic scene in the book, but by reason of the unusual manner of its telling. The uncoiling of the inevitable chain of events is hideous, but done so simply, so unsparingly, yet so charitably, as to make a temperance tract of uncommon quality. The preacher's not too orthodox creed is unaffected and practical; in his homilies may be found some good sermonizing. The author's freest play of humor is found in the family give-and-take of the Darlingtons, where, as in other domestic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

circles, jokes heard by all are seen by only a part. Revealing light is cast upon the social features of a small interior town. There is seemingly no sense of sin in making a charming girl say that visiting the sick "simply takes the gimp out of me"; or in making her warn an ardent admirer, "You mustn't look at my hair—I washed it yesterday, and it simply won't stay up." We quote a bit of dialogue:

" 'Then you don't expect to be an auditor always?' he said, smiling. 'I didn't say that,' she retorted—rather prettily. 'I don't know what I expect.' 'Don't you expect to be married?' 'I don't know about that, either. I belong to the sex which stands and waits,' she added, subtly. 'I don't imagine that you would have to stand and wait very long,' he ventured, with his dry humor. 'That would depend somewhat, I presume, upon what I was waiting for,' she returned, gracefully. 'These things usually adjust themselves, don't you think?' he asked with grave drollery. 'Not always,' she ventured."

It is hard to say whether this is more graceful, subtle, droll, or venturesome. Who shall say that the adverb in all its impressionism has not penetrated to Ashboro? The girl who always goes to the front door with her best man when he is leaving may not belong to a picturesque order of society, yet literature is wide, and there is no reason against her having her chance. But though she be as nice a girl as Carol Darlington and as fond of locomotives and horses, we suspect that her strongest appeal will be to those who go to books for entertainment ethical rather than literary.

The Maryland negro has not figured in books as prominently as his brothers from farther South. Anti-slavery-reform writers undoubtedly recognized the fact that the freedom of the Maryland negro would follow naturally upon that of the Carolinian or Virginian, while it has been natural for the Northern fiction writer to look farther afield than to the border line for the pictorial quality that attaches mainly to the remote. In a sense, therefore, Dr. Goldsborough's portrait of the negro as he is on the Eastern Shore of Maryland is a new contribution to the national gallery. The stories are told out of evident inmost intimacy with the subject, and have the satisfactoriness of all expert testimony. The talk, the superstitions of the negroes, their so-called religion—of a highly theologic cast and rich in Biblical controversy—are set down with a zeal that familiarity has only kindled the more brightly, and in an extremely well-reported dialect. Yet, for all this fidelity and enthusiasm, we seem unwittingly let into the secret of the Marylander's absence from fiction hitherto. He *is* less picturesque than the more nearly tropical negro. Perhaps because in the ante-bellum days (when we chiefly meet him) he was better off than the Georgian or the Mississippian; or is it perhaps that Dr. Goldsborough's tale has sacrificed all varnish to plain accuracy? There is much comicality, but almost no pathos; quotable sermons and stories, but very few departures from a childish level of interest, feeling, or character. To say so, as we have intimated, is quite possibly one more tribute to the author's ability in delineation. We must not and do not forget old Ezra's career as faithful bodyguard to Gen. Forrest and his long journey home after the war to see "Mars Matthew and Miss Mary."

In 'Devil Tales' we recede to a darker age and one of more epic possibilities. The supernatural is depended on almost entirely to give the interest. The negro dialect is present, and there are incidental glimpses into plantation life; but African rites, hoodoos, and the devil are our cronies through a series of stories all more or less blood-curdling, and illustrated with happy gruesomeness by A. B. Frost.

Mr. Fox's 'Kentucky Story of Love and War' emphasizes that happiest incident of the Cuban conflict—the welding together of Federal and Confederate feeling by the common upholding of the American flag. The scene lies in Kentucky, in Chickamauga, in Tampa, in Cuba. The horrors of the war are served undiluted, while its curative effect upon sectional enmity is dwelt upon as only an ardently patriotic Southerner could do it, perhaps only a Blue Grass Kentuckian. The battle scenes are vivid to ghastliness; the scenes of home life in Kentucky sympathetically done with some excess of fertility in language. We wish our Southern friends would please omit flowers. The writer's tribute to the Regulars will find welcome and echo manywheres, while for its pictures of camp and field the book is worth reading. If it suffers and causes suffering here and there through sentimentality of manner, yet its brevity forbids great complaining.

The collaborated work of Mrs. Harland and Mr. Terhune sets forth the status of a Pennsylvania town come under the sway of an oil boom. One receives a clear and striking impression of such a town, in reading; of the excitements of wells discovered and again run dry—floods let loose through broken dams—labor murmuring at capital, capital assuaging the hardships of labor. The story opens in water and oil, progresses in lightning and fire, and closes in blood and anti-pyrin. The costuming and upholstering are done as thoroughly as the oil-tanks, suggesting heart-to-heart talks with dressmaker and decorator. The characters for the most part are types that have seen better days. The rich, benevolent, hopeless invalid who recovers unexpectedly (to every one but the reader); the lovely girl in Paris clothes, who plays and sings by twilight without her notes; the jealous, vulgar girl and her family; the athletic minister, who founds workmen's clubs; the bigoted one who denounces them; the Greek-god-faced doctor; the well-owner, who indulges himself in million-dollar freaks, and works shoulder to shoulder with the parson and the doctor for the weal of the town—are they not written in novels by the hundred? But surprises, not to be forestalled here, await the reader who pushes on to the end—an end so ill-fitting the mild quality of the opening as to give a queer shock, like the nursery stories that suddenly ended with "and just then the world turned inside out." In fact, this novel, while abounding in good description of the oil industry and in a certain amount of eccentric portraiture, is too much a hodge-podge of mush, millinery, elementary æsthetics, misplaced tragedy, and occasional descents to vulgarity, to take high rank.

---

*East London.* By Sir Walter Besant. Illustrated by Phil May, Joseph Pennell, and L. Raven-Hill. The Century Co. Pp. 364. 1901.

The paragraphs that have recently gone the round of the press respecting the promotion of the Bishop of Stepney to the episcopal chair of the late Bishop Creighton, will have caused much surprise to readers whose ideas of the East End are based on memories of the Whitechapel murders. They will suppose that Dr. Winnington Ingram must have been straining the forms of politeness to an inexcusable degree when he declared himself sorry to leave "dear old East London." Sir Walter Besant's latest study of metropolitan life will solve the problem of such regrets. It will scarcely lead to any migration of fashionable society from Mayfair to Wapping in search of desirable residential quarters; the East London Railway Company is not likely to reprint extracts from it in pamphlet form as an attraction to intending settlers; but it will at least show that the general conception of the East End as a region of unrelieved misery and destitution is a distortion of the actual facts, and it will promote that intelligent sympathy which is the condition of any real understanding of the situation.

In one respect the East End is a less inviting subject for Sir Walter Besant than those sections of London which he has described in earlier books. It makes little appeal to the historic sense. The Pool, it is true, sets him picturing Geoffrey Chaucer engaged in the duties of the Custom-house; and Dick Whittington gazing at the merchant-ships with the curiosity of a 'prentice lad; and Daniel Defoe eagerly questioning the sailors just arrived from the plantations of Virginia. The Tower, again, is in some sort a crystallization of several centuries of English history. But to the man who is compounded of all the previous generations, as Sir Walter confesses himself to be, there are no fascinating associations suggested by the leagues of mean streets in West Ham or by the factories of Ratcliffe. Nor is there scope for such forecasts of the future as would naturally be inspired by the sight of a district through which the pioneer is beginning to blaze his way. For good or ill, the main features of this neighborhood are by this time indelibly stamped upon it. There is opportunity, however, for the imagination of an experienced novelist in the discernment and interpretation of that living, throbbing humanity which, with little outward picturesqueness, contains in the heart of it dramatic possibilities equal to those of any romance of mediæval times. This opportunity is seized by Sir Walter Besant, whose portrayal of the daily life of the dock laborer, the tailor's sweater, the factory girl, the sandwich man, makes these types stand out as vividly as any characters in fiction.

Perhaps the first impression created by this study is that of the unexpected vastness of a region which is, after all, only one section of a great city. The population of East London to-day is greater than that of Philadelphia. This population inhabits about 500 miles of streets, most of them built on the same pattern. In some parts the rate of increase is worthy of one of our own Western cities. West Ham, for example, which a quarter of a century ago was a mere village, is now a town of 270,000 people. Sir Walter Besant sets forth some very striking facts in illustration of his general statement that the whole of East London is occupied by the working-classes. No private carriages, he tells us, are ever seen in its streets; it has no hotels or restaurants—there is no Raines law in East London—no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

colleges for higher education, no cathedrals, no newspapers, no good booksellers' shops, and only nine or ten libraries. There is, perhaps, a suggestion of special pleading in his anxiety to emphasize this point. East London's newspapers, it is true, are imported from Fleet Street, but do not Kensington and Sydenham obtain their journals from the same source? He is undoubtedly correct, however, in his contention that the characteristic note of East London is not slumdom, but working-class respectability. Such careful investigations as those made by Mr. Charles Booth and Mr. Arthur Sherwell have shown that, in spite of Whitechapel murders, the lowest depths of London vice and beggary are to be found in certain sections of the West and South, rather than in the East. In the West more particularly "the season" makes the demand for labor intermittent, and thus, by processes with which students of social problems are familiar, promotes overcrowding and pauperism.

While this description of East London is not the fruit of a scientific inquiry or of a collection of statistical returns, it contains much that will be of value to those who are confronted by the problem of congested populations in any part of the world. The chapter on "The Houseless" has a direct bearing upon our own tenement-house question, and the account therein given of the work of the London County Council will be profitable for warning as well as for example. It will surprise many readers to learn that London, as well as New York, is seriously affected by the steady influx of Russian, Polish, and German Jews escaping the *Judenhetze* of the Continent. Sir Walter Besant expresses, incidentally, the belief that England is superior to America in its power of absorbing alien immigration. The second generation, he says, always becomes English through and through. The author's discussion of various types of charity is also of more than local significance. His well-known enthusiasm for the social work of the Salvation Army is as ardent as ever, and he brackets with Gen. Booth's organization the influence of the Settlement as "a form of philanthropic endeavor concerning which it is difficult to speak unless in terms of extravagant admiration." It will, of course, be remembered that the People's Palace is itself the direct outcome of 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men.' Unfortunately, this great institution, which combines education and amusement, has had but slight effect on the immediate neighborhood. There is no exaggeration in what is related here of the excellence of its polytechnic classes, and of the popularity of its concerts and exhibitions. It is admitted, however, by members of the working staff that the Palace is more attractive to residents in various Essex towns a few miles away—who can reach it easily and cheaply by train and tram—than to the bona-fide East-Ender. There can be no doubt that some of the definitely religious agencies in the same neighborhood have had greater success in raising the intellectual as well as the moral tone of the district; for, below a certain level, there is little chance of arousing artistic or literary interests until a spiritual impulse has first been communicated.

Before a second edition appears it will be well for the author to eliminate the repetitions—compare especially pp. 188 and 278—which are probably due to the fact that the contents of the book first appeared in the form of magazine articles. The illustrations are worthy of the reputation of the distinguished artists whose signatures they bear, and contribute to make this volume the most graphic, catholic, and illuminating sketch hitherto published of that "other half" of London which still needs an interpreter to make intelligible the mystery of its daily life.

---

*An English Miscellany.* Presented to Dr. Furnivall in honour of his Seventy-fifth Birthday. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.

Dr. Furnivall's seventy-five well-spent years deserved as good a congratulatory volume as could be written. It would perhaps be too much to say that the *Festschrift* before us comes up to his deserts, but it is certainly a notable tribute from every point of view. Some of the forty-nine articles that it contains are quite first-rate, still more are distinctly interesting, and all are worth looking at. The title of the book is well chosen, for the contents are various enough. They range from a bouncing bit of defiant doggerel by Professor Saintsbury ("These are the words of a Tory, a bitter beast of bale") to a sketch of "The Early English Text Society in Germany," which even the reader who runs will have no difficulty in recognizing as Professor Wülker's. They include essays in etymology, syntax, phonology, metre, rhetoric, lexicography, semasiology, and textual criticism, as well as literary investigations dealing with every period, from Anglo-Saxon to Shelley. There is a poem by Mr. Stopford Brooke, a translation from the "Judith" in alliterative lines, one from Ibsen in rhyme, and several hitherto unprinted texts—Anglo-Saxon and Middle English—including a stanza which Professor McCormick has the courage to ascribe to Chaucer. The best notice of the book, indeed, would be the "Table of Contents," if we had space for it. The list of contributors, English, French, German, and American, is impressive, and becomes pleasantly significant when one remembers that all these scholars, young and old, are indebted to Dr. Furnivall not merely in a general way, like everybody who cares for our language or literature, but for those personal favors which he takes so much delight in conferring. We can mention only a few of the papers, and find it difficult to make a selection.

Professor Napier's article on the Franks Casket will command immediate attention, not only for the superb plates that accompany it, but for the learning and acumen with which the distinguished author treats his difficult and tantalizing subject. Professor Gummere's essay on the place of the "Sister's Son" in epic and saga is equally erudite, though in quite a different field, and is written with characteristic vivacity and charm. Gaston Paris writes of 'Amadas et Idoine,' foreshadowing, one must think, the crushing reply which he will some day make to the carpers who will not hear of anything good in Anglo-Norman. Mr. Jusserand reproduces two illuminations which throw light on "pageants and scaffolds high," like that on which Absolon played Herodes. Chaucerian studies are represented by Messrs. Liddell (on the Parson's Tale), McCormick (as already noticed), Mather (on the Knight's Tale), and E. E. Morris (on the Doctor). Dr. Sidney Lee writes of "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Player," Professor Skeat of the Anglo-Saxon "Andreas," Professor Ker of "Panurge's English"—but we are giving the table of contents, after all, and may as well stop at one place as another.

The volume is beautifully printed and contains a fine portrait of Dr. Furnivall, as well as a bibliographical list of his numerous publications. Its sale should add materially to the resources of the Early English Text Society, for no student's library is complete without it.

---

*Art Crafts for Amateurs.* By Fred Miller. Truslove, Hanson & Comba.

This work is intended as a precursor to 'The Training of a Craftsman,' which Mr. Miller published three years ago. It treats of a variety of decorative arts, giving useful hints as to the method of study exacted by each, without going into any complete instruction which would enable the amateur to feel equipped for the practice of any. The range of work described includes wood-carving, beaten-metal work, modelling in clay, enamelling, enamelled jewelry, book-binding, leather work, inlaying, and stained wood decoration, gesso, fretwork, needlework, stencilling, poker-work, and decorative painting. Each chapter is fully illustrated by examples, chiefly of modern work, many executed under the direction of the Home Arts Association, a society which has been of infinite use in developing the art tendencies of villagers and amateur craftsmen of every class living in unimportant towns. Mr. Miller insists all through the book on the importance of design in all decorative work, and the necessity of giving a great deal of attention to ancient work in all those crafts, because it is usually well designed, and rarely errs through inappropriate elaboration. He recommends drawing from nature, the study of flowers, leaves, and animals, and very justly warns the student not to use naturalistic studies for decoration, but to reduce and simplify the detail of a careful drawing from nature to decorative line. He gives some fine examples of Japanese fish and flying birds, singularly true to life, yet thoroughly decorative.

The craft which has attracted many followers of late years, both professional and amateur, is that of enamelling, so full of possibilities for splendid color and invention. Mr. A. Fisher is by far the most accomplished of the artists who practise enamelling in England; he seems to have overcome the difficulties of translucent enamel and to know all the technicalities of the art, and his work, from which we have here many illustrations, is very subtle and beautiful in ornamentation. His weak point is design when applied to the figure, denoting insufficient training in drawing. There is a great want of accent and style in his figures, although they are graceful and pretty, as in "The Voices of the Night" and the triptych, which Mr. Miller gives us here. Then, as to portraiture, the samples here given do not strike us agreeably: both Lady Elcho (No. 63) and Olivia (No. 60), although simple in treatment, are too much like modern painted portraits to be good enamels. The old Limoges enamel portraits are quite flat, the flesh tints conventional, and the brilliant color only in the dress and jewelry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is evidently far easier to be able to define what a decorative artist should be than to produce any good work, however simple. A careful examination of this book, with its multitude of illustrations, convinces us that it is in design that modern crafts fail to give the satisfaction we feel in early work. Mr. Miller's own drawings are quite wanting in the qualities he especially recommends. He offers many samples of his own work; not one, however, with any character or charm or special adaptability for any purpose. His judgment in the selection of works which illustrate the book seems equally at fault. We will quote several instances: (No. 173) portrait of Hans Thoma in decorated frame, and (No. 174) St. Cecilia, again in a decorated floral frame. Both these frames entirely destroy the effect of the pictures they enclose, being composed of heavily designed festoons of flowers, modelled upon florid Renaissance work supporting a row of children's heads in one instance; and in the St. Cecilia frame the flowers are modelled with great realism in squares—which divert the attention from the saint. We also note Mrs. Trequair's panel for needlework, a figure among leaves more suggestive of painting than of embroidery. The amateur can get an idea from those articles what to undertake and what to leave alone if inspired by a generous desire for following a craft.

---

*Clue:* A Guide through Greek to Hebrew Scripture. By Edwin A. Abbott. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. 1900. 8vo, pp. xx, 158.

The task which Dr. Abbott proposes for himself, as outlined in the preface to this volume, is Titanic in size and Teutonic in method. 'Clue' is but the first of a series of eight volumes, to be entitled *Diatessarica*, in which the author aims to prove the correctness of his solution of the so-called "Synoptic problem." This theory, already set forth in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' and illustrated by a sumptuous edition of the Gospels, called 'Synopticon,' maintains "that parts of the first three Gospels are derived from a Hebrew original (which has also influenced the fourth)"—a view now largely superseded by the "double-source theory."

The first volume lays a basis for the colossal undertaking by presenting the classes of errors occurring in the Septuagint version, then illustrating the author's theory by citing instances of variations in the Greek Testament which may be accounted for as similar errors. Of course this involves discussions of textual variants as well as of the problems of "the higher criticism." The latter is defined by Dr. Abbott as "simply scientific investigation and classification submitted to the judgment of common sense." Hence he appeals to the "unlearned" reader. But few of that class will have the patience to follow his minute investigations. The scholar, familiar with the linguistic facts and textual phenomena, will often take exceptions to the ingenious and plausible theories by which the author attempts to account for individual variations in the Synoptic narratives.

On one point Dr. Abbott agrees with the present critical opinion, namely, in assigning to the Gospel of Mark the closest relation with the assumed original "source." But the majority of critics now find the "source" of Mark in a Greek document. As already indicated, this series is intended to prove that the real "source" was written in Hebrew. Few books have ever been published in England that reproduce so closely the exhaustive, not to add exhausting, methods of German Biblical critics.

---

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

About, Edmond. La Fille du Chanoine et L'Album du Régiment. W. R. Jenkins. 25 cents.
Adams, Mary E. Scott's Marmion. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. 40 cents.
American Street Railway Investments, Edition of 1901. (Supplement to Street Railway Journal.) Street Railway Pub. Co.
Archibald, A. W. The Trend of the Centuries. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.25.
Babcock, W. H. The Tower of Wyé. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. $1.50.
Bertheroy, Jean. Eloge d'André Chénier. Paris: Armand Colin. 2 fr.
Bickerton, A. W. The Romance of the Heavens. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Boardman, G. D. The Church. Scribners. $1.50.
Booch, G. P. Annals of Politics and Culture. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.25.
Boothby, Guy. The Mystery of the Clasped Hands. (Town and Country Library.) D. Appleton & Co.
Chapman, F. M. Bird-Life. D. Appleton & Co. $2.
Colton, Arthur. The Delectable Mountains. Scribners. $1.50.
Crommelin, May. The Luck of a Lowland Laddie. F. M. Buckles & Co. $1.25.
Crosby, Ernest. Edward Carpenter, Poet and Prophet. Philadelphia: The Conservator.
Darling, Flora A. Founding and Organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution and Daughters of the Revolution. Philadelphia: Independence Pub. Co. $2.
Dewar, G. A. B. Hampshire, with the Isle of Wight. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Guerber, H. A. Empresses of France. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.
Harben, W. N. The Woman Who Trusted. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Higginson, T. W. American Orators and Oratory. Cleveland: Western Reserve Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.
Hobson, J. A. The Social Problem. London: James Nisbet & Co.; New York: James Pott & Co. $2.
Holmes, R. R. Queen Victoria, 1819-1901. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Holt, Henry. Talks on Civics. Macmillan. $1.25.
Hope, J. B. A Wreath of Virginia Bay Leaves. Richmond: West, Johnson & Co. $1.25.
Hume, M. A. S. The Spanish People. (The Great Peoples Series.) D. Appleton & Co.
Hyne, Cutcliffe. Prince Rupert the Buccaneer. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Ilbert, Courtenay. Legislative Methods and Forms. Henry Frowde. $4.
Johnson, Owen. Arrows of the Almighty. Macmillan.
Judd, Mary C. Wigwam Stories. Ginn & Co. 85 cents.
Kennett, R. H. A Short Account of the Hebrew Tenses. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Lange, F. J. A German Method for Beginners. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.
Lloyd, John Uri. Etidorhpa, or The End of Earth. New ed. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Moore, F. F. Nell Gwyn—Comedian. Brentano's. $1.50.
Muñoz, Anita C. In Love and Truth. Abbey Press. $1.
Onions, Oliver. The Compleat Bachelor. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Pennypacker, I. R. General Meade. (Great Commanders.) D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Poteat, W. L. Laboratory and Pulpit. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 25 cents.
Schmeil, Otto. Text-Book of Zoölogy Treated from a Biological Standpoint. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. $4.
Scollard, Clinton. The Son of a Tory. Boston: R. G. Badger & Co. $1.50.
Steuart, J. A. The Eternal Quest. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Stoddard, W. O. Montanye. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Stone, Isabel S. The Little Crusaders. Abbey Press. $1.
Taylor, A. E. The Problem of Conduct. Macmillan. $3.25.
Taylor, J. M. A New World and An Old Gospel. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 10 cents.
The Aristocrats. New edition. John Lane.
The Book of Jade. Doxey's. $1.
The Deuce of Hearts. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.25.
The Niagara Book. By W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, N. S. Shaler, and Others. New ed. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Webster, Richard. The Elegies of Maximianus. Princeton Press.
Welch, Deshler. The Story of Louise. Royal Columbia Press.
Whitman, A. A. An Idyl of the South. The Metaphysical Pub. Co.
Williams, F. P. Hallie Marshall. Abbey Press. $1.
Williams, J. F. Harrow. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Yeats, W. B. The Shadowy Waters. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Zola, Emile. Labor. Harpers. $1.50.


# Henry Holt & Co.,

29 W. 23d St., New York. 378 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

## Plays by Schiller

### in German with Vocabularies

*PRICES NET.*

*JUST PUBLISHED.*

**Die Jungfrau von Orleans**

Edited by A. B. Nichols of Harvard. xxx+237+72 pp. 60c. (*Without Vocab.* 60c.)

**Maria Stuart**

Ed. by Prof. E. S. Joynes of S. Carolina College. xli+266+94 pp. 70c. (*Without Vocab.* 60c.)

*PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED*

**Wilhelm Tell**

Edited by Prof. Arthur H. Palmer of Yale. lxxvi+300+404 pp. 70c. (*Without Vocab.* 60c.)

*Another Edition*, without vocabulary, and edited by Prof. A. Sachtleben of the College of Charleston, S. C. 199 pp. 48c.

**Der Neffe als Onkel**

Ed. by A. Clement of Jersey City High School. 74+25 pp. Boards, 40c.

# Queen Victoria

## (1819-1901).

By RICHARD R. HOLMES, M.V.O., F.S.A., Librarian at Windsor Castle.

*New Edition.* With a Supplementary Chapter, bringing the Narrative to the End of the Queen's Reign. With Photogravure Portrait. Crown 8vo. *Net* $1.50. By mail $1.62.

*** The text of this book (with the exception of the Supplementary Chapter) is reproduced from the illustrated edition issued by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co. (now Messrs. Goupil & Co.) in 1897.

The whole of the text, except the last chapter, was read to H. M. Queen Victoria, and was approved and authorized by her.

**LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.**

91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York.

# Maine Coast.

FOR SALE—On Penobscot Bay. A beautiful tract of 400 acres, with nearly four miles of shore front. The property comprises a number of bold headlands, fine rocks, coves, and beaches; is much diversified in its surface with woodland and open fields, and commands everywhere most exquisite views of bay, islands, mountains, and ocean. There is a steamboat landing near the tract, giving daily connection with trains and boats to and from Boston. The property is on the main land, within five miles of Islesboro and Castine. It has several farm-houses, a pond, and trout-brook. It will be sold at a low price per acre to settle a joint account, and offers an exceptional opportunity for a gentleman wishing an independent estate, or for subdivision.

Address J. MURRAY HOWE, Trustee,
28 State Street, Boston, Mass.

# RARE OLD VIOLINS

Remarkable values in fine solo instruments from $50 to $10,000. Largest and finest collection in the world. Send for new catalogue containing Biographies; fac-simile labels; &c. Easy terms.

LYON & HEALY, 16 Adams St., Chicago.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED